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**THE ADOPTION
AND OTHER SKETCHES**



HARRY LORENZO CHAPIN, M.D.

THE ADOPTION

AND OTHER SKETCHES POEMS AND PLAYS

BY

HARRY LORENZO CHAPIN, M.D.

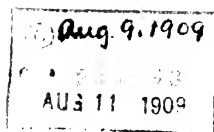


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H. L. CHAPIN



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Portrait of Harry Lorenzo Chapin, M.D.
Coat of Arms of the Chapin Family

Frontispiece
Title vignette

PREFACE

In compiling my poems and stories, I do it to gratify my own desires, and not in the expectation of any remuneration.

The reader while perusing my work, I hope will not criticize too closely; if the metre or the diction is not quite to his liking, I trust he will accept that which pleases and pass by the remainder. If I am not inspired by the muse and do not execute master-pieces like others in the past, at least my whole mind and soul for the last twenty years have been assiduously devoted to study.

May the reader open this book in a spirit of forbearance rather than criticism.

As Pope said,

Help me to feel another's woe
To hide the faults I see
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born in Berlin Heights township, Erie County, Ohio, November 13, 1872, the youngest of four children. My parents of whom I am very proud are both of good old Yankee blood. My mother, Nancy S. Knight, was born in Troy, Ohio, and although she has attained the ripe age of 73 years, she is considered to be one of the most voluminous readers in the town of Milan, Ohio, where she now resides. I owe her much gratitude for her volunteered service of amanuensis since I lost my eyesight. I love to hear her read, and as I have often told her, she seems to hear the lyre as the poet does when he writes.

My father, Lorenzo S. Chapin, is the posterity of Deacon Samuel Chapin, the Puritan who was the founder of Springfield, Massachusetts. The name has been invested with a coat of arms. My father was an attorney-at-law, but practiced but a few years in Mattoon, Illinois, after which he returned to West Berlin and took up his residence at the old Chapin Homestead, where my brothers and sister were born. After having lived there a few years he purchased

what was known at that time as the Charles Hines farm, where he lived until he died, and where I was born. This is a stately looking old home; the old brick house and the large lawn in front with the beautiful maple trees to embellish its general aspect give the whole a romantic effect. I will always have the tenderest regard for this home. I still can sit on the front stone in my pensive mood and see the one drive by that was the dearest to me of all the world, who is now my wife. Her home being but a short distance down the road made these surroundings much more pleasing.

Since attending college at the Medical Department of the Western Reserve University, three years, I have spent the most of my time in travel, which has been quite extensive. With the exception of two countries, I have seen the entire world. These two are Japan and Alaska, which myself and wife are to visit this coming fall. I boast of having seen the seven wonders of the world. The traditional seven wonders are the Coliseum of Rome, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Towers of Pharos of Alexandria, the Temple of Karnack, Solomon's Temple of Jerusalem, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Pyramids and Sphinx of Egypt. The most difficult to see of these are the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. I was twenty-nine and one-half days on a dromedary's back

going from Damascus, which is the oldest city in the world to Babylon on the Euphrates River. I have classed seven wonders of the world as natural wonders and which I have visited. These are Niagara Falls, Fingal's Cave, The Giant's Causeway, The Maelstrom, Old Faithful Geyser in Yellowstone Park, The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona, and the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. I have also classed seven more wonders. I call them the capricious wonders of the world. They are the most wonderful of them all, at least I was so impressed. They are the Mount of the Holy Cross, Crater Lake, and its phantom ship on Mount Mazoma, Oregon, Paradise Valley, and Ixtaccihuatl or the Sleeping White Lady on the mountain with Popocatepetl as sentinel at her side. The vocal Memnon on the Nile that casts a vocal sound at sunrise. The Rock of Faces of Lake George and a brook with water running up hill in Yellowstone Park. They were all of great interest.

On November 27, 1907, Thanksgiving Day, I married Anna M. Fries, who was the widow of the late Valentine Fries of Milan township, Milan, Erie County, Ohio. After two years of romantic courtship, I married what I call "the idol of my soul and the object of my affection," for I feel I have the best woman in the world. Anna M. Crone was the

only daughter of a family of three, two brothers, Charlie and Albert. She was born and reared in Massillon, Ohio, the daughter of Mr. Frank Crone, who was a dry goods merchant for many years in Massillon, and is now making his home in Cleveland, Ohio. Anna Fries Chapin is endowed with an extraordinary amount of executive ability. She has carried on and settled up the estate of her husband, Valentine Fries, without help from any source. She has increased the estate, rather than diminished it, while she has been administratrix. She has also planned her home where we now live with all of the modern improvements of a city home. She has also erected a mausoleum of Tunic architecture, which is conceded to be one of the finest in the United States as a family tomb. It has nine catacombs and cathedral glass under the rotunda with the figure of the Resurrection thereon. The doors are of bronze, and the tomb itself is built of the best grade of sandstone with mosaic floor. She dedicated this mausoleum to her husband, Valentine Fries, in the year 1906, A. D., and his remains are now deposited there.

I feel it my duty to speak of Mr. Fries here, as I owe him indirectly a great amount of gratitude. I have been able to travel and enjoy a great amount of pleasure, that otherwise I could not have had, had

it not been for the many years of hard toil that he underwent that I am reaping benefit from to a certain degree. Many things that I am to do and have done, I could not have done, had I not had the financial help from that source, tendered me by my wife. Valentine Fries was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, of Huguenot parentage, and emigrated to this country when but a child. He became a drug clerk at first and finally became sole owner of a grocery store in Milan, Ohio. He saved a few thousand dollars here and started to build ships on the Huron River at Fries' Landing, which still bears his name. Here is where he attained his enormous wealth. At one time he owned thirty-six vessels on the Great Lakes. He was a man of extraordinary business capacity and also a man of veracity and integrity.

H. L. C.

PREFATORY NOTE TO ADOPTION

This is a story that has been founded on actual events to a great extent. I have had to alter and add to these at different times, but on the whole it is quite like the original happenings.

While I was in Bristol, England, I was taken quite sick and compelled to go to the hospital. While there, I was placed in a room with a patient who was slowly dying. We became very friendly, and he knowing his days were few, developed a spirit of loquacity, which is unusual in patients of that type. The life he had lived was one of great interest to me. He felt like he must give vent to his pent up emotions, so he related a wonderful romance of his own experience. I became so interested I continued calling upon him after leaving the hospital and until he passed to a higher life.

He made one request of me, and that was to write his romance in story form, informing me where I could obtain proof that the anti-mortem statement was true. To this request I gave my promise.

H. L. C.

THE ADOPTION

Titus Hanlon was the only son of a well-to-do English family; in other words, he was a Patrician. His father had purchased an old manor which had become somewhat dilapidated. Yet, being an enterprising, wide-awake man, he had improved this old rustic manor to such an extent that it was one of the most beautiful homes in Southern England. The lawn, consisting of several acres, was embellished with beds of flowers, shrubbery, and small artificial lakes. There was also a vista of live oak trees from the front drive, in the shape of a crest that led to the side entrance of the house. The old house was of colonial architecture. Eight fluted columns, with gable bas-relief, met the eye from its façade.

It was in this old, yet beautiful home, Titus first saw the light of day. Titus on arriving at the age of fourteen years, was sent to Oxford College, where he acquired his literary education. He then desired to study medicine, and his father sent him to the continent for that purpose.

After devoting two years, with commendable assiduity, to the study of medicine at Vienna, for some

unknown reason he became melancholy and despondent.

Titus had always suffered with periodical spells of severe pains in his head, and it was during one of these attacks he resorted to the use of morphine for relief. This, as he had often said afterwards, seemed to touch the spot. It not only relieved the pain, but relieved him of all mental anguish. From this on he became addicted to its use. Morphine, though being a powerful narcotic, acted on him as a stimulant. It seemed to change his whole being from this time on.

Titus attended school one year more at Vienna, and then gave up the profession forever. He finally drifted back to his old home in Clifton, and the time seeming to pass slowly he took to reading.

He was six feet in height, with dark hair and dark brown eyes, and a prominent nose. He possessed a very classical face.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, Titus sat in a hammock in his father's front yard. It was in the month of June and all of Nature's environments were at their most charming period of existence.

Titus opened a book and proceeded to read. It was the complete works of Lord Byron. He began to read *Childe Harold*, at first with but little enthusiasm, but as he continued reading, he became

enraptured and would read devotedly. Each day he would spend in the perusal of Byron's poems, until he could repeat many of them. This alone made him fond of literature.

From this time on he read all of the poetical works he could get. They had so entranced him that he at once became inspired to write. But, he thought he must be more cosmopolitan, must know more of the world, must travel as Byron did, to write a *Childe Harold* of his own.

In November of that same year he left Clifton for a tour around the world unaccompanied. Titus was away a year and a half. In that time he had acquired much knowledge and worldly wisdom. His habits being good, with the one exception, he was much improved in many ways by his trip abroad.

On arriving home he spent much of his time in reading and writing. One afternoon he was sitting on the crest of a large rock, what is known in Clifton as the Downs. The Downs is a high level stretch of ground with many trees scattered about, with drives and walks cut here and there, and at its western edge there is a steep precipice with perhaps a drop of three hundred feet. At the bottom of this declivity runs a branch of the River Severn. This affords a very beautiful and romantic scene. It was on a rock at the edge of this precipice that Titus was sitting

one afternoon in autumn, when the maples were dropping their seared, but beautiful leaves. A young lady was also sitting on the edge of this same rock. She was rather tall, with brown hair and dark eyes. She was very prepossessing in appearance, of a literary turn of mind, and in many ways like Titus.

As they were sitting there admiring the panoramic view of the valley, Titus abruptly spoke to her of its beauty, she at once replying with a kindly smile expressing her admiration. Almost simultaneously they saw love in each other's eyes. It was not long until they had become very much interested in each other. After they had spent several hours together and parted to meet the next day at the same place, they both went their way with love-gladdened hearts.

Her name was Mabel Crawford. She was an orphan and at this time was making her home with an elderly aunt. Mabel was endowed with many qualities that were admirable. She was very pretty, mentally quick, and had a natural aptness she was anxious to cultivate as best her scant means would allow. She played the piano and sang very sweetly, and was fond of literature, especially poetical works. Her aunt gave her a small allowance for her clothes and a musical education, which she used to good advantage.

Mabel and Titus met the next day at the appointed

time and place. From then on, every pleasant afternoon they could be seen together, and seemed to know of nothing else that was going on in the world. They were truly each other's affinity. There was love at first sight. She was the idol of his soul and he was hers. Many missives of love were sent in verse and prose by the Royal mail to each other.

Often they would drive through the parks, Mabel holding the reins and driving tandem. She loved horses so well that Titus would take pains to get the best stepping and most graceful appearing horses. They would often drive many miles into the country. They would take their lunch with them and stop at some shady nook and rest.

It was on these occasions that Titus would make overtures of love to Mabel. On one of these sweet days before he had told her he loved her, he said, "Mabel, I have a secret to tell you. One, I think, that will be of much interest to you. It is truly a secret, for no one but myself knows of it." They were eating lunch on the green sod in the shade. As he was talking to her, she was in a very pensive mood, wondering what the secret could be. Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and locks of her dark brown tresses were blown by the breeze down over her sweet face, which she would unconsciously replace or brush aside.

"Mabel, can you not guess my secret? Can you not read my mind? Does not each and every feature of my face depict what I am about to tell you?"

He pressed himself nearer to Mabel, each looking into the other's eyes.

"Mabel, can you not guess?"

Mabel could, but wanted to hear the words spoken by those cupid-bowed lips. There was silence for a moment.

"Mabel, I love you, I love you with all my soul," he said, as he placed his arms about her and pressed her to his heart with many declarations of love.

The purest, sweetest and almost Infinite love entered into their romance at this point. It was at its zenith. Where now could it go? It could go no higher. So, like the shell shot from a cannon it will rise swiftly, but after it has spent its force, must fall in its downward path.

One evening when Titus' father and mother had gone to the city of Bath to visit friends for a few days, they left Titus to take charge of the home. He was there alone, with the exception of the butler. The idea came to him to invite Mabel there at this opportune moment to see his home. As soon as his parents had departed he jumped into the runabout and brought her to the house. They spent the evening in the drawing room, playing, singing and look-

ing over the photographs of 'Titus' ancestors and friends, also reading the genealogy of the Hanlons.

Titus was always under the influence of morphine in the evening. Morphine sharpens the memory of many, and stimulates the senses, except the moral, to an almost abnormal acuteness.

As darkness fell, Mabel expressed a desire to go to her home, but Titus insisted upon her remaining.

"I will go, I must go. Have you no regard for my wishes? I will go, if I must go alone in the dark," she said as she rose, but Titus was reluctant and obdurate. Going to her he clasped her hands in his, and although she cried with all the emotion she could muster up, it was of no avail, for Titus would not relent.

"You must stay here with me. I love you, I love you madly," he said.

Man always kills the thing he loves,
By all let this be heard;
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

But it was love under the stimulus of morphine.

"Titus, if you love me as you say you do, take me home, I implore you."

At this moment a new idea came to him. He asked her to have a small glass of wine, and then he

would take her home. Although distasteful and foreign to her bringing-up, she consented, that she might then be escorted home as she wished. Titus excused himself and leaving the room procured a glass of wine into which he placed a small quantity of a reddish powdered substance, filling a glass also for himself. He brought them in on a tray, and giving her the glass first prepared, they both drank. He then told her to sit down for a moment, until he got his evening overcoat, which was upstairs. Titus went out, but returning just at the proper moment saw her as she rose to her feet and almost swooned. He caught her as she fell back and carried her gently to a davenport nearby.

Titus loved Mabel too well to harm her in any way he thought was really harmful, but, in his intoxicated state of mind, he thought that he would marry her, in any event.

By morning the morphine had worn off and Titus was himself again. He meditated while Mabel still slept how he could make restitution for the past. A piteous sob aroused him from his dreaming. Awakened, the reality of it all flashed upon the girl. Mabel was polite, and she knew it was not best to expose Titus, for that would expose herself as well. Titus broke down and confessed to her that he would kill

himself before he would do again willingly the injustice he had done her.

"Dear Mabel," he said, "I love you; believe what I tell you, when I say that if I had been in my normal mind, I would never even have thought of evil. But, dear Mabel, I am addicted to the use of morphine, and it takes away every virtue I have. I bare my arms before you. See where I have injected the poison for years. I take it in the evening, and at that time, until last evening, I have never been with you. Now, Mabel, I humbly appeal to you for your forgiveness, for I love you and want to marry you. Do forgive me."

Mabel thought for a moment, tears came to her eyes, for his confession had touched her heart and the hand she would raise to strike, she presented, to show in her grasp of his, her unchanging fealty.

"Titus, I love you, I will love you still. I am your affianced wife, and now you seem very near to me."

Titus took her in his arms at this, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I am a brute to do as I have done, but you will forgive me, Mabel, you are noble and liberal; there is nothing narrow in your makeup. I will always love you and stand by you. As you say, I feel that you are very near to me.

"Oh, Mabel, if I could express my thoughts as they came to me this morning while you were in that beatific mood, let me call it! The eudemonic pleasure that came over me as I gazed upon that sleeping face, what did it remind me of—its contour, its calm innocence reminded me of the poet's touching lines:"

And on that cheek and on that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
With mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

After breakfast Titus took Mabel for an auto ride and left her at her home.

CHAPTER II

Titus continued his visits for many weeks after that eventful evening. He was always punctual and sincere from the first. On Christmas eve, Titus was driving with Mabel, as he had done many times before. On this occasion, Mabel was in a despondent mood, and few words passed her lips. It was worrying Titus so much, that he could hardly refrain from asking her why she was so down-hearted. Upon his so doing, she made no reply, but in a moment broke down with emotion. Titus could not imagine for

the life of him what could be the matter. He placed his arms about her and begged her to tell him why she was so sad at heart, which was so out of the ordinary with her. Mabel looked up at him with a peculiar expression on her face. Like a flash, without a word uttered by Mabel, Titus surmised what the trouble was.

"We must marry at once," Mabel said.

"But the world will know even then," said he.

"What will we do, what will we do. The world must not know this," she wailed.

"I know what we can do," replied Titus. "I will send you to London. You can tell your aunt you are studying music and studying to be a nurse at the same time. The child can and will be cared for by the Sisters' Home. It will be adopted by some good family, and then you can return home and we can be married, and the world will not be any the wiser."

This was not pleasantly received by Mabel, but it was her only alternative.

Titus felt the blow as much as Mabel, for he really idolized Mabel, and did not want to be deprived of her company, but arrangements must be made at once.

The following Monday Titus gave Mabel the necessary funds to defray all expenses, and she started for London.

Mabel was raised and educated in a convent until

she was sixteen years of age, consequently she was a Catholic. The last words that were spoken between Mabel and Titus were to the effect that when the child was born, it should bear the Christian name of Titus, if a male child; if a female, it should bear the name of Mabel. This Mabel promised faithfully to do.

A month before the child was born Titus received a letter from Mabel's aunt. She knew they had been keeping company, and had heard something of their relations. In this letter to Titus she asked him to come to her home, saying that she wished to see him in regard to this matter of Mabel's being in London.

As I have said before, one who is addicted to the morphine habit has neither will power nor courage. When trouble comes upon them they run away from it. Titus, on reading this letter, took on that itinerate vacillating habit he had once a few years before. As much as he disliked to leave Mabel, he could see no other way to do. He well knew that if his parents were ever informed of this he would not only be disinherited, but it would be the death of his mother.

Titus prepared at once for his long voyage to Melbourne, Australia. This would perhaps be the last time he would ever look into his father's face, and he felt that now he must desert Mabel, he could never have courage to face her or let her know where

he had gone, so this made it doubly hard for him to bear. The time for him to sail had arrived. He bade his parents goodbye, and suppressed the tears with difficulty. He must misrepresent to his parents by telling them he was going only to Scotland, or they would have remonstrated about his going to Australia.

So, after taking a last look at the old home that was so near and dear to his boyish memory, he left for Liverpool, from where he sailed away from all he loved in this bleak, cold world, not knowing if he would ever return. The last thing he did before going on board was to drop a letter to his dear Mabel, telling her what he intended doing, which letter was as follows:

My Dearest Mabel: On the bulwark of the ship that takes me from you, I write this note. I am compelled to write you this cruel letter. Your aunt threatened me and I have completely lost my courage. I can see no other way but to leave these Albion shores forever. Mabel, how mean I have always been to you. It is a wonder you can still care for me. I cannot tell you where I am going, as I really do not know myself what my ultimate destination will be. It matters little to me now which point of the compass I pursue; there is neither home, love nor felicity left for me. I am merely staying because I cannot die. I do not consider I am living any more since I must leave you. My prayers will always be for you, dear Mabel, and I only hope you will have the brightest future that a woman can have. Name the baby as we arranged, unless Providence will intercede. We probably will meet no more,

or hear from each other, as I feel that now I am not worthy of you, or to ever write you, for it would only keep you in sorrow.

With all the love that a young heart can muster, and hoping God will have compassion on us both, I will bid you an everlasting goodbye.

July 10, —

TITUS HANLON.

As the ship was passing Land's End, which is the last point of English soil you can see of Great Britain, as the vessel circles around to enter the end of the English channel, Titus felt a great deal as Emperor Napoleon did when he was on his way to exile on St. Helena. As he was off the coast of France, he could be heard to say beneath his breath, while he was sitting in solitude at the aft end of the ship, "France, France, I shall never see the land of heroes more."

Titus felt the same, as he was on his trip of self-exile.

As the ship sailed away the following lines came to mind:

Oh, English soil, will I never see thee more,
Or will I never miss my mother's cheek;
The rest is still more dear how I adore
Through other climes I seek, my heart is sore.

Mabel received this letter of extreme sorrow. At first she was delighted to receive a letter from the only one in the world she cared for, but as soon as the missive was opened, and she read its contents, she

fell in a faint, and had to be revived by one of the Sisters.

"What is the matter, dear lady," asked one of the Sisters when she recovered from her fainting spell.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I—I—Oh, my God, my God, do not ask me, do not ask me. Just leave me alone for a while, as I wish to remain in quiet."

The Sisters made their *sarto* into other apartments, and left Mabel to her self. The bulwark of a ship was on her mind still. All she could think of now was a ship—a ship taking Titus away. For several days this was a hallucination with Mabel. However, she at length was able to continue reading the letter. It is useless to tell you the sorrow she underwent when she had read the contents of that fateful letter.

Mabel passed the time in reading until the birth of her child. When the child was born Mabel was much pleased to know it was male, for she thought how much this would please Titus if he ever could know that he had a son by his name. This child would perpetuate the name of Titus Vespasian Hanlon, one of Titus Hanlon's illustrious ancestors, who fought with Bruce of Scotland, and was a field marshal of much valor. It would please Titus so much to know that the child was a male, as he was so proud of his ancestral genealogy.

In due time, the child was christened Titus Ves-

patius Hanlon, as Titus had wished, and Mabel had promised she would do. The child had a high forehead, was wide through the temples, and would, when developed, have a large nose. His eyes were brown like his father's, and no doubt his hair would be dark when he arrived at his father's age.

Mabel loved this child, for it was all she had now. Its father had gone, the one whom she loved of all in the world, so she naturally felt greatly attached to the child. Mabel remained at the home three weeks after the birth of her baby boy, but at the end of this time must give up the last and only thing she loved and cherished in this world. This she was compelled to do, because if she took the child home with her to her aunt, it would disgrace her forever, and if she should want to go with her little treasure to some country where no one would know her, it would be impossible, for she had no means to support herself or the child. Consequently, she was compelled to leave the little orphan at the home, and she herself went back to the home of her aunt.

On entering the home of her aunt Mabel was received rather coldly and avoided. Her aunt seemed to be full of apathy and indifference, until it was more than Mabel could bear. She felt she was now alone in the world without a friend or money. Mabel broke down and wept before her aunt, and asked her

why she did not reciprocate her affection as she once did, and why was it that she was so cold.

"Mabel, is it true that you have been away studying to be a professional nurse, and in the meantime taking music?" asked her aunt. "Mabel, answer me this without falsifying, and do so at once. I have been able to gather some very incriminating evidence against you. I want to know if you were not with Titus Hanlon the night you were away from your room nearly a year ago. Hanlon's butler said you were there with Titus, and no one else was in the house but you and he, except the butler. Now, answer me this, and tell me the truth, or you must seek a home elsewhere."

At this Mabel placed her arms about her aunt's neck and told her she was decoyed there by Titus to see their house, and she was kept there against her will, which provoked her very much.

"Yes, you must have been greatly provoked when the following day you were brought home by Titus himself in his auto," said her aunt.

"Yes, but auntie, you do not understand. I did not dare get his enmity. I was afraid it would reflect upon me much more than it did, by doing what I have just related to you."

"You told me you were going to stay all night with your friend Marie Thomas," said her aunt.

"Auntie, I did expect to, as much as I expect to arise tomorrow morning, but Titus kept me and how could I stay at Marie's? I could not tell or confess to you at that time, dear auntie. I assure you that nothing was done wrong by me going to London, as I have not been there with Titus, for he has left the country, as you know."

After she had done her best by subterfuge, she convinced her aunt that she was as good a girl as ever, and her aunt took her and pressed her to her breast and forgave her. Mabel felt a great deal better now that she had won back the love of her aunt. She knew now that she had at least one friend.

During the six months that elapsed from this time, Mabel would visit London and go to the home and see her dear child, all the time hoping and wishing and praying that Titus would write to her, so that she could tell him of her dear child, but there was never a letter or a word from him.

It is customary in England, at all maternity homes, after six months, to give the children to some reliable married couple that will take good care of and educate them. They advertised for a foster parent for this child, Titus, Jr. The advertisement was answered by many, one of whom was a Holland Dutch couple from Manchester, England. They lived on a small farm out of Manchester, sometimes called Villi-

tacks by the English. Their names were John and Lena Van Rensler, good old Holland Dutch stock. They would not adopt the child, as John Van Rensler was too conscientious a man for that. He said at the home, "I will take de dear chile and love him and take good care of him, but I cannot adopt him, for if he's fadder or mudder would ever want him back, I would not keep him from them."

When the child was christened, one of the Sisters placed a scapular about his neck, with his full name written on it in indelible ink. It is also customary in England in these homes, not to let either the father or the mother know where the child is or who has taken it, although they keep a record of it themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensler took the little orphan to raise without adoption. The child was in good safe hands now, and would be well taken care of. They soon became as much attached to it as if it was their own.

Mabel was now living with her aunt on White Ladies' Road, Clifton, England. It nearly killed her to part with her child forever. The day the child was taken, Mabel was in one room in the home and the Van Renslers in the other. Titus, her little one, was brought to her for the last time just before it was given to the Van Renslers. Knowing that she would not see her dear one again, words could not

picture her feelings of this last parting. She pressed her child to her breast and kissed it until it was nearly smothered with motherly affection. Crying and pleading with the Omnipotent God of Heaven to arrange that she might see her child again, the little one was taken from her by the attendant, after she had taken one of its little shoes and placed it in her skirt pocket. The child was carried down a corridor to the apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensler were waiting to receive it and take it home with them.

After this sad parting, the Van Renslers with their little charge, went to the train which bore them to Manchester where the little boy was to have his future home unconscious of the heart he had broken.

Mabel, this same evening, went back to her home in Clifton with her aunt. If she only could have told her aunt all, if she could have confessed the whole thing to her, how much relief it would have afforded her. If she could have done so with perfect impunity, she would have, on her return this very evening told it all to her aunt, for Mabel wanted someone to confide in, but she had no one. She, at this very moment, came very near telling the story as it was, but she was afraid her aunt would denounce her for life, as well as reprimand her for her past conduct. She could not muster up the courage to tell her, so Mabel had to find from now on, solace in her sadness as

best she could. She spent many sleepless nights, dreaming of her lover and her baby, of whose whereabouts she knew not.

Can you imagine the plight of this young woman? Can you imagine the sorrow she was undergoing at this time? It was much worse than death—loving, living and lasting. The world was beautiful to her, yet she hated it; life was feverish, yet she clung to it; death was rest, yet she feared it. If she had dared, she would have taken her life. She was a Catholic, and wished to go to Heaven, if she confessed all her sins. She well knew if she committed suicide she could not receive the last sacrament of extreme unction, or make the act of contrition, and this is what kept her from doing away with herself.

Titus had long since arrived at Melbourne, Australia, and was living upon what little money he had brought with him. He would not write home for money or tell his father or mother where he was. He had changed his name to Henry Hamilton, instead of Titus V. Hanlon. His mother had advertised and solicited his whereabouts for many months without avail. She loved her only boy, and he loved her, but he was determined to never return or let his parents know of him again. It was not long until his mother went into a decline and died. This was too much for the father to bear, so shortly after, he succumbed

to pneumonia and died. Titus saw by the London News that both of his parents were dead. Troubles never come singly. Mr. Hanlon had financial reverses, and had lost all he had, there being enough left to bury him, and that was all. Titus knew this from the London papers, so he made no attempt to claim the patrimony of his parents, for he knew there was little, if anything, left. This so disheartened the boy that he commenced to increase the dose of morphine each evening. This would render him unconscious of his troubles to a greater or less extent. He would not write to Mabel, as much as he loved her, and as much as he cared to know of the birth of the child. He had lost all his manly courage and was on his way down to destruction, although there was one hope in Titus' case, and that was, he did not drink strong drink, nor was he licentious. Tobacco and morphine were his only vices. He roomed in a small bungalow on the coast, where the view of the sea would sometimes hold his pensive thoughts for hours at a time. Here he would often sit while the sun was dipping its crest into the western sea and threw its refracted sheen across the waters, as if to lighten his soul.

Titus would write poems and think about what he had left behind in England. His poems were full of pathos, his topic, love. If Titus could have known

the child was a male and had been christened for him, and that he favored his father so much in looks, would he not have made haste and at once returned to England?

Both Titus and Mabel were miserable at this time. What solace could they have found in each other, if they had been together with their child! But, no, God has his ways. He had impregnated his mind with the idea that he must remain away, though it was crushing his heart to do it.

If all earth's gold were tendered me,
And I could choose, I'd tell
Take all the pelf, but give to me,
My love, my life, Mabel.

Love is a social heaven. It prevails in Omnipotence. Its great Arcanum can be entered at will. The Jew, the Gentile, the peer or peasant are alike shaded by its canopy. It softens the criminal's heart. It mitigates sorrow, it causes the parent to propagate posterity. It opens the soul to eternal bliss. It canonizes the saint. It cleanses the sullied. It brought our Savior to redeem our souls with love and give us life everlasting.

Mabel had, by this time, resumed her former habits of living. Her aunt dressed her well, and she would occasionally ride out into the park and often into the country over the same roads that she and Titus Hanlon had so often and so many times driven over. She had now taken up music with all the assiduity at her command. She was fond of music, and had

acquired great proficiency playing the piano. She now displayed a great amount of skill. She seemed to care but little for novels, except historical novels. She would often take her pad and pencil and go out upon the Downs and sit and compose, on the spot where she first met Titus. She always seemed to have a peculiar fondness for this spot. It would inspire her to write. The environment would bring back memories of past reminiscences, and she would find solace in meditating by the hour at this place.

Mabel was not looking for, nor did she even think of ever meeting another man that would take the place of Titus, but it is the unexpected that always happens. It was at the same spot, one Sunday afternoon, while sitting on the same stone, a gentleman's hat was blown from his head and down a slight declivity to this rock where she was sitting. As the old saying goes, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Mabel stooped and picked up the hat and volunteered to present it to its owner, who by that time was near her to receive it and offer her his thanks for her trouble. After he had thanked her, he said he had noticed her sitting there many times before, and had often wondered what she could be thinking of so devotedly, alone, by herself.

"You always looked so lonely, yet beautiful, as you sat thinking as though you were unconscious of every-

thing about you. I have often wanted to speak to you, but had not the courage to approach you so abruptly. I have thought I would sometime, lay all conventionality aside and introduce myself in my own informal way, but Providence has aided me by blowing my hat down to you. Allow me to give you my card. I am a resident of Bristol. I was born and raised here. I am now living with my father and mother on Queen Street. My vocation in life is medicine, a physician by profession, in other words."

The name on the card was "William Knox." After Mabel had read the card, she placed it in the tablet she had in her hand, and answered him by saying that his acquaintance was very acceptable. They spent the remainder of the day conversing. When they parted he made an appointment for the next afternoon that he would call and take her driving.

Doctor Knox was a man about five feet nine inches in height, rather portly, with an air of aggressiveness. He had light blue eyes and light hair, smooth face, and a very heavy baritone voice. He was quite loquacious which at times was tiresome, yet he was a good man. He was exempt from all bad habits. He had acquired a large practice in Bristol, for the short time he had been practicing, and had done it chiefly on his merit as a surgeon. He had no other

aid like many young physicians have. Some have prepossessing personalities, or have inherited wealth, or their parents have some patronymic connection with the more noble blood, but Dr. Knox had something of more intrinsic value to him and to the world as well, and that was his surgical skill.

The next day they drove to the country, and from that on several times each week he would call and take Mabel out driving.

Mabel thought it was best not to keep any secrets from her aunt this time, so she told her that she was keeping company with a Dr. Knox. Her aunt was very much pleased at this, as she well knew Mabel was lonely, and was at an age now where she should go with some good man with the intention of matrimony.

Mabel did not think she would ever care for Dr. Knox at first, but after she had gone with him some time, and she could see so many good traits of character, she learned to love him (if there is such a thing as learning to love). Mabel, as I have said, admired his good principles and qualities, but could never love him, as she had and did still love Titus Hanlon. She well knew she would be compelled to marry sooner or later, as her aunt was getting advanced in years, and would not be long until she would be all alone in the world, for she, by this time,

felt she would never see again the man of all men to her, and who had so ruthlessly left her.

After several months of courtship with Dr. Knox, they were betrothed and married. After the consummation of the marriage, which was held in the Church of England, they fitted up a pleasant little home on St. Jacob's Wells Road, Bristol, where the Doctor was engaged in the practice of medicine.

Dr. Knox was a Protestant and Mabel a Catholic. This was the cause of a great amount of controversy at one time, but the Doctor would not join the Catholic Church, nor would he be married by a Catholic priest. Mabel would not join the Church of England, so they finally compromised by leaving the question of Christian orthodoxy out of the marriage.

After one year of apparently married bliss had passed, the Doctor was prevailed upon by some one of his friends to go to Australia and build up a practice there, as there was a much better field there for a good surgeon than in Bristol or, in fact, England. After considering this proposition for a while, and after obtaining Mabel's consent to go, they packed up bag and baggage and bade farewell to their friends and relations and sailed for Melbourne, Australia. Mabel's aunt had died, but a few months before this, and Mabel did not have to go through the sorrowful act of bidding her goodbye. But she went and

strewed some wild violets that she had plucked from the Downs on her grave. As she moistened them with a tear, she bade what remained mortal of her aunt a last farewell. After a pleasant voyage of many days, they arrived in Melbourne. Mabel did not like the country at first, and was homesick, but after a while she became reconciled to being out of England, and became more favorably impressed. They bought a very beautiful old home in the residential part of the city, and furnished it very cosily. The house was very commodious. The ceilings were high and frescoed. The front yard took up several acres of land. It presented a very stately appearance, and Mabel was pleased with the purchase of this particular home, as she thought it was so much like the house that used to shelter the one that was still more dear to her than any one in the world, except her dear child.

Six years had passed. They had lived at this beautiful old home in perfect harmony. The Doctor had acquired a very large practice. They had also mingled in society with the highest circles of Melbourne. But they had not been blessed with a single child. Mabel would like now to have her child with her, but this she thought was impossible, as she did not know where her child was, nor could she have him if she did know, for she had never told the Doctor

she had one, or ever told him of that part of her past life. She knew if she did, he would never have married her, as the Doctor was very strict as to the virtue of a woman. So Mabel gave up the idea of ever trying to obtain her own dear Titus Hanlon, Jr.

After consulting with each other for a few weeks, they decided to advertise for a male child between the ages of six and ten years. They placed an advertisement in the Australian papers, as well as the London papers. They seemed to prefer a boy from England, one who was born in their native land. A few weeks went by, and they received many letters, but the descriptions of the ones sent did not suit Mabel. She had formed in her mind what she wanted in the physical make-up of a boy. It was not long until they received a letter from England offering a boy of seven years old that seemed to be just what they both wanted. The letter was written in a Dutch broken English. Arrangements were at once made, and the child was sent forthwith in company with a gentleman by the name of Wykliff, who was on his way back to Australia.

Mr. Van Rensler had lost his wife, and he had sold the little farm, and as much as he loved the child, he saw that he must let him go, as his health was now on the decline since his wife's death, and he felt he was not long for this life, and wanted the

child to have a good home before he passed away.

At last the ship arrived bearing the boy. He little knew that he was going to his own mother's arms, and that she would soon kiss his cheeks. Nor did Mabel in the least expect to see her own child. She and her husband were at the wharf to meet him. As soon as Mabel glanced at his face, after Mr. Wykliff presented the little fellow, she grew pale for a moment, she was so happy. A feeling came over her that she could not understand; there was something in his dear sweet countenance that appealed to her at once, not in the least thinking it was her own dear Titus Vespatus Hanlon. But she at once leaned over and placed her arms about his little body and pressed her lips to his, kissing him fervently.

"Now, you are our own dear child. You are going with us to your new home, and you will have lots of good things to eat, and lots of playthings, and I am always to be your mamma, and here is your papa," as the Doctor kissed him and picked him up and placed him into a cab that took him to the home that would be a home of many revelations in time to come. A short time after this the little fellow was adopted. He was going by the name of Roy Van Rensler.

It was not so very long—only seven years—since this very paradoxical mother had him christened Titus

Vespatus Hanlon. After the Van Renslers took him to raise, they never knew his right name. It was never given them, although they might have known if they had looked at the scapular carefully, for upon this was printed in indelible ink his full name. And now his name was to be changed the third time in his short life. This time it became Roy Knox.

Mabel was happier now than she had been since Titus Hanlon left her nearly seven years ago. She seemed to have some hidden satisfaction. She did not realize, or know this was her own son, but Mabel always had more or less psychic power. The psychic or occult phenomena as far as the mental phase of it was concerned, would at times strangely manifest itself, but was always impromptu. She never asked for any manifestations or tests. Mabel would often get mental telepathic communications from her friends. Her impressions were very good—so much so she would always go by her first impression, and would invariably be right.

This is why Mabel took to this apparently strange boy, because it was her own flesh and blood, yet her mortal senses did not know. But the human ego from his little personality inspired her to a spiritual satisfaction, which made her happy, and as long as she was contented or happy, why want anything else? For, as Robert Ingersoll said, "Happiness is the only

good, Reason the only torch, Humanity the only religion, Justice the only worshipper, and Love the only priest."

Titus Hanlon, Sr., was living in Melbourne on the North side of the city. He had become so poor, and his health was becoming so impaired, that he was not the same Titus Hanlon he was at one time. He had changed so that Mabel would never know him unless he should tell her his right name; then she would at once recognize his features. But by passing under another name, it would not be difficult for him to deceive her. But Mabel would be recognized at once by anyone who had ever known her. She still retained her beauty, and vivacity and fastidious way of dressing. She always dressed plain, but very neat. Her neck was beautiful, but she had not the egotism to wear her dress low. Mabel was very sensible in all her ways of living.

Titus was now living incognito. He was going by the name of Henry Hamilton, instead of Titus V. Hanlon. He had been working the past two years as a butler for a wealthy family in Melbourne. He had got down to this in the past seven years. He saw to the buying of all the provisions and would oversee the culinary department. He was compelled to do this for a livelihood.

Titus was well educated, and was capable of doing

things where he would be honored more than as a butler. But he was a creature of circumstances, and the morphine seemed to disqualify him for nearly everything. Nor could he make any application of what he did know. He had no business diplomacy or executive ability, which is characteristic of one who is addicted to the morphine habit. It renders its users careless and untruthful. There are many that morphine has a very unpleasant effect upon, and these people are, as a rule, sanguine or lymphatic and sometimes of a bilious temperament. But the nervous temperament is the one so susceptible to the narcotic, as Titus was.

There are no poetic lines, De Quincy's prose, nor virtuoso on key or string, that can explain this ideal, seraphic feeling of mental and physical relief. There is nothing to compare it with. On the other hand, when the system has gone twenty-four hours without the drug, when a nervous temperament has been accustomed to its use for some years, he feels as though Beelzebub himself was tearing his abdominal viscera from him, or Apollo crushing him, or he is passing through Dante's Inferno. He is as Daniel was when he was in the lion's den, but the lions can tear with their talons and gnaw with their incisors. This is just a part of the suffering one has to bear while craving for the god of sleep Morpheus, or

morphine. Titus had been all through this. He had witnessed every phase of life and every sensual pleasure. He was now *blasé*, and now he was apathetic and indifferent to everything on earth.

We should never criticize anyone, no matter what their condition of life may be, for we may have been the same if we had been surrounded by the same circumstances. The omniscient power above places us or makes us as we are for some good. As Shakespeare says,

Songs in brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.

We should take this existence philosophically; there is no one here, no matter how or what he may be, but who has his part to play in life's drama, as well as the higher and more noble.

One Saturday afternoon in August, Titus was down in the metropolitan part of Melbourne, in one of the large grocery stores there. He was purchasing groceries for the household where he was employed. As he was leaving the store to return home, he noticed a lady alight from a carriage and walk briskly into the store to purchase some articles. As soon as he saw this lady, he became deathly pale, and a cold perspiration came over him. He recognized her as being some one very close and dear to him, but

at first did not place her as Mabel. But having regained possession of himself, he stepped into the store again and surveyed her from head to foot while she was engaged in purchasing groceries. It was but a moment until he recognized her as his Mabel of years ago. But what could she be doing there, and the carriage—the private carriage with footman and driver? She must be married and settled down here in Melbourne to live. All this came to him at once. To satisfy himself on this point, he at once walked out of the store and hurried down the street a short distance, where he saw a young lad about thirteen years old. He at once approached him and said,

“Here, my boy, is a shilling. Go to the footman on the seat of the carriage yonder and ask him whose it is. Ask him the name and remember it, and come back and tell me.”

This the boy willingly did, after which he returned and told Titus it belonged to Doctor William Knox. Titus was not quite satisfied. He went back to the grocery store and asked one of the clerks he knew very well, if he would loan him his bicycle for a while. The clerk answering him in the affirmative, Titus took the bicycle, and when the carriage started away, followed on behind to learn what its destination was, and where this lady, whom he had loved so long, was living. He followed until they drove

into the driveway of the old Fox home that he himself had admired so many times in passing, for it reminded him of his home of youthful days at Clifton, England. He could see on the front gate the sign "Dr. W. Knox, Physician and Surgeon." This at once convinced him that what the boy had told him was true. At this, he returned with the bicycle and went on his way to his duties. When he returned to his room he sat for an hour thinking. The past three hours' revelations had caused Titus more happiness than he had since he left England seven years ago. It at once began to work upon him and inspire him to do better and reduce the morphine and try to appear more polished, as he once did, for he was bound to come in contact with her in some way.

Although he well knew he would not divulge his name, he decided to devise some plan by which he might converse with her if but for five minutes. Each evening after six o'clock dinner, he would walk up and down in front of the Knox home. Often Mabel would be out in front sitting, sometimes with the child and the Doctor, and sometimes alone.

One Sunday afternoon, as Titus was passing the house slowly, Mabel was out at the front fence looking up and down the street, inadvertently. She had picked a few roses in the yard, and was holding them in her left hand, as though she did not know they

were there. As Titus passed, she glanced at him with her beautiful eyes, and he at her. He came very near speaking to her. She looked at him more closely than she usually looked at a pedestrian, because something about his eyes impressed her, but she didn't know it was Titus. But now Titus was very sure it was Mabel. From this time on he was contriving how he might have a few moments' talk with her, and what he could do without divulging his right name. One evening while trying to think of some way to meet her within the next month, he was glancing over the Melbourne paper, and saw in the advertisements that a Doctor William Knox was in need of a butler, and saying to apply at the home, 466 Victoria Avenue.

That was on Friday evening. Early Saturday morning Titus went direct to the home of Doctor Knox and applied for the position. Mrs. Knox was out. It was just as well, however, as she never had anything to do with the hiring of servants. Mabel was having a dress made, and was having it fitted that morning. Titus was ushered into the office of Doctor Knox. He at once introduced himself as Henry Hamilton, formerly of Edinburg, Scotland. He did not want to tell him he was from Clifton.

Titus fell into conversation with Dr. Knox at once, and he asked him how long he had been in Mel-

bourne, and what part of England he came from. As soon as he said Bristol, he knew at once of the Knox family, and that this one, William Knox, was studying medicine at the time he was, except at a different school. The Doctor took to Titus at once, or rather to Henry Hamilton, and hired him as their butler and told him he could begin the following Monday. Titus shook his hand and bidding him good-day, passed out of the house into the front yard. As he went through the yard he saw a little boy playing there with a four-wheeled cart, loading and unloading it with sand. As Titus approached the little fellow, he was astonished, and stopped and spoke to him.

"Who are you, little boy; do you belong here?"

"I do; I live here with papa and mamma."

"What is your name?" asked Titus.

"My name is Roy Knox."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"I am seven years old," replied the boy.

He had just recollected that Mabel must have a child somewhere in the world, unless it had died since, that was very dear to him. This was the first time that this had occurred to him. His mind was so taken up with the idea of meeting Mabel, he had not once thought of the fact that the child was the cause of their separation seven years back. But on seeing this little fellow, it all came back to him. He

at once expelled the idea from his mind that it could be his child. That could not be possible, because Mabel would have had to give up the child to shield her reputation. Although he felt an attachment for the child, as its features reminded him of someone he could not place, or his face presented an appearance that he liked so much to look upon. He gave the little fellow sixpence and passed on his way home satisfied that he had accomplished a great deal on this day.

When Monday morning arrived, Titus packed his things and was met by a carriage of the Doctor's and brought to his new master and mistress. He at once entered upon his duties, being very careful at first to pay but little attention to Mabel. He strove to please them all; he exercised every effort to do his best, not only as a butler, but as a man and a gentleman. He exemplified so much of a spirit of culture and refinement, that they would often ask him why he was a butler, if he was not out of his sphere, being so well informed, to follow the vocation that he now followed. Titus would always give some evasive answer. They all became very fond of him. He spent many hours of the day with the little boy that was his own, but was not aware of it.

Titus was not looked upon, for long, as a butler in the family of Dr. Knox, but almost as one of the

family. He was using a great amount of strategy and diplomacy, so that Mabel did not learn his real identity. Yet she would sit sometimes at the table and eye him as a chance would present itself. She could see something either extraordinary in his make-up, as well as something she partly recognized, and also something she could almost love, not the least expecting it to be Titus. She often wondered where Titus was, and if he was still living. Titus could easily see that he was making an impression on Mabel, but he would not reveal his identity to her, although it was all he could do to refrain from seizing her when she passed near him, and pressing her to his bosom and telling her all. But something told him to wait and let matters develop.

As time went on, Mabel became more and more attached to the new butler, but she was very careful that it should not attract the attention of the Doctor. She did not do it to be untrue to her husband; this never entered her mind, but there was a power that science has yet to explain. There was that everlasting affinity that was bound to predominate.

Often, when the Doctor was away, they would sit and converse with each other by the hour. Titus would repeat poems that he used to quote to her, and speak of little things that would startle her. She

would often say, "I wish I could explain to you why you at times startle me."

He well knew why it was, but to draw her out, he would ask her to tell him, which she finally did.

"You are the only man I ever met that reminds me of the one and only one I ever loved or ever will love. Poor boy, he was a creature of circumstances. He was addicted to the use of morphine, and it eventually caused our separation, yet it was his own fault. I loved him for all that, and love him still."

While she was making this narration and dwelling on her affection for her Titus, she at one time loved and still loved tears came to the eyes of Titus who was not the butler. He was nearly overcome with grief as she finished talking. She looked up at him and noticed that he had been crying. She at once asked him why it affected him in this manner, and he answered by saying that he could sympathize with her, as he was situated likewise—that he loved a woman that was the wife of another, and that she loved him as well, but circumstances kept him from letting her know of his whereabouts.

After they had talked to each other as long as they dared, for fear the Doctor would come home, they parted. He pressed her to his heart and kissed her. He could not help but embrace her at this

lovingly. She did not remonstrate or offer any objection, for she felt that he came so near being Titus, that if he was dead, he was, as Pythagoras had said was possible, reincarnated in this man, Henry Hamilton.

How happy Titus was this night while he was sitting in his room up-stairs, knowing that his love was below in the same house, and still loved her Titus, though he left her so abruptly when she was in trouble. They could hardly wait for the time that they could be together. Mabel was too good a woman to even think of any wrong—this did not enter their minds, though she became so infatuated with the butler and so cold to her husband, that he could see there was something wrong. He kept this to himself, as he thought it was best not to say anything at this time.

One afternoon while they were together, Titus, having made up his mind to find out what had become of her child that he knew she must have had, questioned her and asked her to tell him more about her love affair with the man that he reminded her of. She told him how she had met a certain Titus Hanlon on the Downs at Clifton, England, and that he held her captive one night in his father's house, and that he had drugged her, and had, what he would call, ruined her, and that she forgave him

because she loved him so well, and that he was under the influence of morphine at the time, and did not realize what he was doing. She told him that she was compelled to go to a maternity home later, and gave birth to a boy, and had him christened Titus Vespatus Hanlon, as his father wished her to do. She described him at length as he was at that time. She also told how she was compelled to give the child away to a Dutch family, she imagined by the name, as she was later told by one of the attendants at the maternity home in London that the family was Holland Dutch, but lived in England. She also told Titus of the scapular that was given him with the name Titus Vespatus Hanlon, Jr., printed on it with indelible ink.

Titus listened intently to all this and was determined to find out all he could in order that he might later locate his boy. As weeks went by, a small express package was left there one day by the expressman. The Doctor was out, and Mabel opened the package. Much to her surprise, it contained the scapular that was given the child, and the little shoe that was the mate to the one she removed from the foot of her boy the day of the sad parting so long ago. She at once got the other shoe, which she had all of her married life kept away from her husband, and compared the two and found them to be exact

mates. As she went to get the shoe, Titus observed the name Titus Vespatus Hanlon, Jr., on the scapular, and when she returned they both looked at it together. Titus, as well as Mabel, was well pleased at this, for they were sure now that there was a chance to locate the child. Yet Mabel was not aware of the fact that the man at her side was anxious to locate the boy, nor did she in the least suspect him as being the father.

In the evening mail came a letter from Van Rensler, of Manchester, England, explaining that this scapular belonged to the boy that they had adopted, and he had placed it into a bureau drawer and had forgotten that it was in existence until he came across it by accident not long since. He went on to explain that the name of this scapular's owner was written on it in indelible ink, and that he had taken the child from a certain maternity home in London on a certain day of the year, and that the mother's name was Mabel Crawford, of Clifton, England.

This explained all to her complete satisfaction. As soon as she read this letter, she went directly to the adopted boy, that was only partly adopted now. She clasped him in her arms and shed tears of joy over him. She was now the happiest woman in all the world, to think that her long and many prayers were answered at last, that God had sent her what she

loved the most, with the exception of Titus, of anything in all the world.

This night was a wakeful night for Mabel; she lay with her little loved one in her arms, watching over him, and waiting until the next day, that she might tell the glad tidings to Henry, the butler, or her unknown lover Titus.

At the very first opportunity they were together the next day, Mabel read the letter to Titus, or the butler. He could hardly suppress his feeling of joy, but he knew he must wait. Mabel was convinced beyond the faintest doubt now, that she had her own child in her arms.

After Titus, or the butler, had heard the contents of the letter from Mr. Van Rensler, the good old German who had had the little boy baby for about five years, he broke down and wept, first placing his arms about Mabel's neck. Mabel wondered at this demonstration of his; she could not understand why he should be so overcome with emotion on reading the letter. She asked Titus why he felt as he did, and he replied by saying he was so sympathetic, that he could never control his feelings when anything as touching as this came up, especially when it was so near.

"To see how you are the star in the whole drama, and I caring for you as a friend, as I do. I say

'friend,' Mabel, as I have no right at present to say other than that, for you are a married woman, and not only that, you have a man in the world somewhere that you dearly love, so that gives me little encouragement."

"But, Oh, Henry," as she called him, not knowing he was her Titus, "now that I have my child I have prayed for, I am sure God will answer my prayers further. If he does not, I will always remember you as my nearest and dearest friend. You well know that I am too honorable to leave my husband, for you know he loves me very dearly and has always been so kind and good to me, and I will always be true to him. There is but one thing that could cause me to leave William, and that is, if Titus should happen to come into my life again. I could not part from him if I should ever meet him again, especially now that I have his child. Oh, how I wish he could look at his boy! Can you imagine how happy he would be to know that his last wish was fulfilled. He wished and hoped the babe would be a male, and that I should have him christened after his father, to make the name patronymic, thus Titus Vespasian Hanlon. I have done as he wished me to do. I have been true to Titus. I married for a livelihood, that I might have a home. I could not love any man but Titus. I could only admire, or honor, or respect.

My love was all showered on one in my early days, and this one was Titus."

Titus, or the butler, took in every word of this, and afterwards he considered minutely how true, how loyal Mabel was to him at heart, and how brutal he was to leave her seven years ago as he did. How he did want to tell her all—that he was the lover she was so fond of, but he could not at this time face her. He thought if she knew he was the real Titus Hanlon, her lover of seven years back—he still lacked courage on account of his habit.

Mabel was now day by day showing more affection for the butler. She could not refrain from meeting him now, even when the Doctor was on the premises.

On one occasion the Doctor saw the butler draw her up to him, and kiss her lovingly; this was on Sunday afternoon just before Mabel was to take an afternoon ride with the Doctor. The Doctor had become suspicious before this, but had remained quiet. Mabel, on this Sunday afternoon, excused herself in the hall before taking the carriage, and walked back ostensibly to get her gloves that she said she had left laying on the dining-room table, or in the kitchen. As she went back to get the gloves that she pretended to get, the Doctor tiptoed to the end of the hall and looked through the crack of the door, and the spectacle of affection that met his eye caused

him to nearly faint. He did not suspect his wife of having gone so far as this. However, he regained control of himself by sheer will power, and hurriedly went to the carriage so she would not suspect him of thus detecting her in her parting kiss with the butler.

Doctor Knox, several times before this, had seen things he did not like, and was sure there was more to the bottom of this, if it was sounded. Mabel carried a picture that Titus, the butler, had given to her since he had been there in the employ of the Doctor. This picture was a very good likeness of Titus as he now looked. She carried this in her bosom with the scapular that she had received of late with her little boy's name written on it, wound around the picture and wrapped in tissue paper.

On the coming Friday evening, they were to have about thirty guests at their home to supper, and to have a dance after supper. They had made great preparations for the few hours of felicity and feasting. It was during that evening's festivities and dancing that Dr. Knox became so overcome by what he had witnessed with his own eyes, and what a friend of his had told him he had witnessed. After the party had dispersed, and they had all gone to their several rooms, the Doctor and Mabel went to their room. As soon as they entered the room, Mabel

made preparations to retire, but the Doctor spoke up at once, and said, "Do not retire now, Mabel. I have just lit a cigar, and when I am through with it, we will both retire at once." "Very well," was the reply. The Doctor was so full of both anger and sorrow he could hardly keep quiet for a moment. Mabel unfastened her neck attire, and at the same time crossed the room to a bureau on the opposite side, as she had done many evenings before without detection. As she crossed, she reached into her bosom and withdrew the picture and the scapular and laid them in the drawer. The Doctor closely scrutinized all of her movements now, as he did not trust her any longer. He could see by the reflection of the mirror that she had tried to secrete something beneath some of her lace gowns in the drawer. As soon as she had done this, she returned and sat beside him. At this, he took her hand and looked into her eyes and smiled and laughed in a supercilious manner.

"Mabel, Mabel, woman, woman, how meek and submissive, yet cunning."

This made a flush come to Mabel's cheek, but she tried to act as nonchalant as possible.

"Mabel, why do you walk to the bureau each and every evening and place some article of value, of great value, there. To you it must be of great value,

for you leave your diamonds and pearls on the center table, and whatever it may be, you are very careful to put it away securely."

"Doctor, how mean you are tonight," she said as she came close to him and tried to regain his confidence by false caresses. At this he smiled and said,

"I guess you love another, Mabel. I am incredulous about your caring for me any more. I will hope to see you manifest yourself differently, if I am convinced otherwise."

At this he rose and walked to the bureau and opened the drawer. At once Mabel resented this and became indignant.

"Why, Doctor Knox, what has come over you all at once; you have never acted this way before."

At the same time the Doctor was removing from the drawer piece after piece of wearing apparel, laughing and holding Mabel at the same time so she could not interfere with his operations.

"Why, Doctor, don't go further. I do not want you or any gentlemen to look at my clothes. The package you speak of contains something ecclesiastically sacred to me," said Mabel. "Oh," replied the Doctor, "it does. Well, I will have to see, maybe it will be sacred to me as well." At this he found the little package and raised it far above his head.

laughing at the same time, and Mabel, reaching for it and appealing to him to give it to her.

"Please, please, give it to me, and I will show you some other time. I am tired tonight, and want to rest."

At this he ran back of the table, dodging her, and commenced to unwind the string that held the tissue paper about it.

"Why do you try to tantalize me in this way? What real pleasure does it give you," she asked.

"Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more. There's tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition," he replied.

He gave this quotation from Shakespeare's drama in a dramatic tone and gesture. By this time he had the package open, apparently examining its contents. He first looked at the scapular, wondering what it was, and mumbling beneath his breath in a satirical way, "What is this?" As he unwound the scapular, not being a Catholic, he could not imagine what it could be. "It must be a small porous plaster or fly blister, fastened to a string. Hello, hello, look at the portrait. Ah, isn't he fine looking. Yes, and our butler, at that. Oh, you have your fellow in the house, and still you want his photo on your body by day and secured by night."

At this he glanced at the scapular and read the name that was printed in indelible ink thereon, Titus Vespatus Hanlon."

"There must be some connection between this, whatever it is, and the picture. What is this, Mabel," he asked as he lifted it up to her.

"It is a scapular," she replied. "What is a scapular?" he asked. "A scapula to physicians is the shoulder blade bone. "Why, a scapular is something connected with our church," said Mabel. "You would not know if I would tell you, she answered in a faint tone, thoroughly scared, for she knew the worst was yet to come.

"Mabel, you are full of deception and fraud. What in God's name have you that picture for? What right have you to carry another man's photo about with you? Answer me this, answer me," he cried in loud, dramatic tones, while walking back and forth across the bed-room.

"William Knox, do not ask me to explain tonight. Go to bed, and tomorrow I will answer all."

"Go to bed, go to bed, with my heart! Mabel, what do you think I am made of? I shall never see myself in bed again until this is explained, and explained thoroughly, to my satisfaction. So, Mabel, I am waiting, proceed."

At this Mabel hung her head and did not utter a word.

"Speak, explain this to me at once, I demand it," said the doctor.

Mabel made no reply. The Doctor rose to his feet.

"Tell me what this all means, or I will kill you here on the spot." She rose, with eyes that snapped and set her jaws.

"Kill me, then, you coward, kill me. That you can do, for you are strong, but you cannot scare me. I will not tell you now, until I am ready," she said.

"Oh, my God, my God, my life is ruined, my life is ruined," wailed the Doctor.

"This seemed to touch a sympathetic cord in Mabel, and she went to him and embraced him and said, "No, dear, you are not ruined. I am here still, I love you as much as ever, and can explain. Give me time and I will explain."

He at first tried to push her away, but she clung to him and kept on appealing to him until he threw his arms about her and kissed her and held her with her head on his shoulder for three or four minutes. The Doctor thought a great deal of Mabel, and her renewed affections for a moment took possession of him. But as she was still laying her head upon his shoulder, the thought came to him of her kissing the butler a few days before in the kitchen. He was

sure in his mind that she had been untrue to him. As he thought of this, his anger arose anew and he pressed her away and said, "Mabel, you have been untrue to me. I have noticed things that were very indiscreet of you going on for months here under my very eyes."

"You imagine this, William," she ejaculated.

"I imagine nothing. I go by facts, not fancies."

"You are jealous, Doctor," said she.

"I am not jealous, I am disappointed in you, and have been much so since the day I saw you kiss the butler goodbye the afternoon you went to ride with me, and made the excuse to go to the kitchen to get your gloves, and you had your gloves in your coat pocket all the time, and simply went back to kiss the butler."

Mabel turned pale at this, and now made up her mind that he was aware of much more than she had ever surmised he knew. At this she burst out with an indignant air, and said,

"Well, what if I did kiss him? If you could understand and knew all, you would not censure me, perhaps, as you do."

"Understood—what is there to understand," he replied.

"There is lots to understand that neither you nor

anyone else but myself can understand or realize," said she.

"I can only understand that you have taken my name and have desecrated it. I thought when I married you you would be at least virtuous."

"What do you mean," she abruptly broke in with loud tones—"What do you mean now? You must explain yourself, or you shall never sully our married existence. I hate you. I care nothing for you; you may leave me if you wish. If you knew all, you would not say those hard things to me."

"I say only the truth," he said.

"You speak falsely, and to speak as you do will not mitigate your sorrow or mine in the least. I hate you; you may leave me, and I never will live with you more, since you have so maliciously insulted me; it is ridiculous and puerile," answered Mabel.

"I will leave this very day. I will take Roy, and you may go with your butler," he said.

"You will not take Roy; he is my child, not yours."

"How you talk! Did I not adopt him; has not the law of man given him to me?" asked Dr. Knox.

"Yes, but there is a higher law than that of man that gave him to me," she said.

"A higher law! What do you mean, explain yourself," he asked as she clasped her hands together and looked towards heaven through the east window.

"He is mine, God bless his little soul," as tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"You are an enigma, you are talking in riddles," said he. "What in the world do you mean?"

By this time the sun was rising. They had been up all night talking in these loud and sometimes low, pathetic tones. Morning had come now, and Titus could hear the Doctor and Mabel talking for several hours before he had arisen, and he got the drift of the conversation very plain. Many times he came very near coming in and shielding her from such villainous talk that she received from her husband, but he waited until this moment, when he had heard him say he would take the custody of the child.

"This boy is flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood. I am entitled to him, if not by legal right, I am by moral and by the right of heaven, for he is my own dear child, nursed on my bosom."

As the Doctor pressed his hands over his ears and passed faster and faster back and forth in the room, as though he could not bear to get the import or meaning she meant to convey, at the same time groaning, "Oh, my God, oh, my God, woman, woman, awful, awful. I have been deceived, I have been deceived. But I am attached to Roy. What you say may be true and it may not be true. I am going to

keep him myself. You may go, you may go where you like."

At this moment Titus entered the room, and said,

"Yes, Mabel, you have your child, for it is your child and I am its father. I am no longer your butler, but your husband, by the laws of heaven. My name is Titus Vespatus Hanlon, and am from Clifton, England. I lived in the old manor house. I met you on the Downs by the City of Clifton. My God, Mabel Crawford, don't you know me? I am the one who kept you prisoner in my home. I left you because I took morphine and had not the courage to stay by you."

Mabel was utterly overcome, by one extreme following the other—one of sorrow, the other of bliss. She stood for a moment in amazement, and then ran to Titus. They embraced each other with all the affection their souls were endowed with.

Doctor Knox was so amazed he could not speak or move at this moment. Mabel and Titus were once more reunited. Tears of joy were shed by them both.

"God has been so good at last to reunite us and our little one by adoption. This is your son that I promised I would christen in your name, Titus Vespatus Hanlon, Jr. Here is the scapular," she said as she turned to Doctor Knox and read the name

written thereon in indelible ink. "And here is the letter that I received from the Van Renslers."

The Doctor read slowly, at last dropping his head and sobbing. Then, going into the next room he placed a revolver to his temple and killed himself.

Hearing the report of the gun, Titus and Mabel realized instantly what had happened. As the footman came running in to tell them Doctor Knox had killed himself, they embraced each other over the form of the slumbering boy, whose name would be changed for the fourth and last time.

THE END

INFINITE LOVE

CHAPTER I

Across the bay from Queenstown, Ireland, is the picturesque little town of Crosshaven, which lies in the most beautiful of all Ireland's rural districts, with groves, moors, streams and all of Nature's possibilities, to make it beautiful and charming to those who are susceptible to Nature's masterpiece. 'Twas here in this village Florence Snow lived with her parents, who were well-to-do. Her father was a sailor, which necessitated his being away from his family the most of the time. Florence was very fond of her father and mother and was naturally very loving, amiable, sympathetic and tender-hearted.

She had had but little experience in the world, so knew but little of the wrongs and ways of the world. All through her young life she had had day-dreams, and would study by the hour in her lethargic or hypnotic moods. She often would remark, the innocence and beauty of all God does, our undying love for Christ, our everlasting love for beautiful flowers; so is not the flower and everything in Nature to live forever somewhere? We are part of God's nature,

though he gives us a mind to know right from wrong, and if we are pure like the flowers, we will live forever somewhere on some sphere (such was the inspiration of this creature).

Florence had large, blue, heavenly eyes, dark brown, wavy tresses, which hung below her waist. Her cheeks were like the petals of a rose, when touched by the sun's rays. Florence was a second Venus, yet she was as innocent as a nursing babe.

CHAPTER II

Lorenzo was an American by birth, from an old New England State. He was a descendant of the Puritans, had gained his education at Yale College, where he was given an M. A. degree, though this was not enough for Lorenzo. He was so active and wished to fathom the depths of the sea of knowledge, that he went to Europe with the financial aid of his father, and took a five-year course in medicine. After acquiring the degree of M. D., he desired to see the world, which he did. Returning to Vienna, Austria, where he had graduated in medicine two years before, he started the practice of medicine, but had not practiced long before he received word of his father's death, which necessitated his returning to America to his old home.

His father had left him quite wealthy, but, after staying on the old farm homestead with his mother and brother for a few weeks, Lorenzo became restless and desired to start out in the world with the \$1,200.00 income he had left to him, and meet his future fortune or failure. Lorenzo went to Boston, and while there he turned to his medical profession for the second time and was very successful. He was of a literary turn of mind, but apt to be the least melancholy in disposition. His habits were above reproach, and as far as education went he was far above the average professional man; and as for personal appearance he was said to be handsome, six feet tall, with military carriage, and graceful in all his movements, with dark brown hair, dark eyes and clear complexion. He seemed endowed with everything necessary to carry him through life without any great exertion.

Nature had done so much for Lorenzo, yet he scarcely ever thought of it, as he was not at all proud or egotistical. He was twenty-eight years of age, and his life had been one of study and travel, so he had experienced no romance or love, but love was to be his future fate.

His life was now at a crisis. One evening as Lorenzo walked into the lobby of the hotel, where he was boarding, and went to the desk to receive his

mail from the clerk, as he had done many evenings before, he was handed several letters, two of which were from his mother, and a third, the handwriting of which he did not recognize, and which he opened first. It read as follows:

LORENZO ADAMS, Esq., M.D.

Dear Sir: We are to have a gathering of friends at my home, 141 Commonwealth Ave. at 8:00 o'clock, Wednesday evening, February 23, in honor of Miss Florence Snow, of Crosshaven, Ireland, who has been one of our guests since January first, and we desire your presence at this reception. Respectfully yours,

Boston, Mass., February 21, 1899.

BERTHA JOHNSON.

After Lorenzo read this invitation from Miss Johnson, whom he had met only in a professional way, by attendance on her father while sick, he sank into a chair at the supper table, and leaning his head on his hand, he fell to wondering whether to accept or decline it, but he happened to think of a dress suit, which he had purchased on the Boulevard de Capracino, Paris, which he had never worn, and thought this would be a good opportunity to display it.

The day of the party was spent by Lorenzo in preparation for the event. Arriving at the Johnson mansion, although he was somewhat late, he was received with due courtesy and led into the drawing room, where he was introduced to all the guests by Miss Bertha Johnson. His handsome, manly figure,

immediately attracted the attention of all the ladies, especially Florence Snow, and later in the evening when relating some of the adventures of his travels, all the ladies seemed to be giving him most of their attention.

As soon as Lorenzo glanced in Florence's eyes, and saw the depth and beauty there was in them, he was entranced by her charms, and there seemed to be a strong affinity between them, although they had hardly exchanged a word. When it was nearly time for refreshments, in order to decide who should be partners for supper, the ladies' names were to be drawn by the gentlemen from a hat. Lorenzo seemed reluctant over the mode of procedure, but as yet had said nothing. He was on the point of suggesting that each should select his own partner, but thinking this might be a breach of etiquette on his part, he decided to leave it to Providence to draw the name of the one he felt that he almost loved, even at this early hour. When he placed his hand in the hat, it trembled so that he could scarcely grasp one of the papers, and at the same time looked at Florence with such an anxious expression, one could see that they were both fearful that the Fates would not be kind to them.

But it was foreordained that they should become more closely acquainted and as Lorenzo looked at

the paper, with trembling hands and flushed face, he saw the name "Florence Snow," which seemed to make his heart beat normal again. As they went arm in arm to supper, Lorenzo asked permission to call at some future date, which was granted, the time set for the following Sunday afternoon, and arrangements made for a walk in the Park. As Lorenzo walked home that night from the party, with everything so still around him—not even a breath of air stirring in the sleeping city—he thought the beautiful canopy of stars had never shone so brightly and that life had never seemed so sweet as now that love had entered it; and all he could hear the rest of the night was her last words, "Good night, Mr. Adams." They were singing in his ears and from this time on Florence Snow was

"The meditations of his heart,
The inspiration of his theme;
If together or apart,
'Twas she awake, or she in dream."

CHAPTER III

On Sunday Lorenzo called and he and Florence started out for a stroll in the Park. It was a beautiful day for February; the snow had all melted and disappeared, the sun was shining brightly, the air was warm, and as far as the weather was concerned,

everything seemed to be in their favor. But Florence seemed to be down-hearted, with little to say, and not at all as she was the night of the party. This worried Lorenzo, so as they rested on a rustic seat in the Park, he asked Florence why she was so down-cast. She did not answer at once, but sat with lowered gaze, nervously stirring the gravel with her parasol, until Lorenzo said again, "Florence, tell me, tell me, what is the trouble, why do you act so melancholy?"

"Mr. Adams," she said, "I have heard from home and I am obliged to take the 'Teutonic' tomorrow evening to return to my home at Crosshaven, Ireland."

"Must you go, Miss Snow, must you go? O! what will I do without you? Florence, how can I spare you, for I love you, I love you, I cannot have you go."

"Lorenzo, I must go, although I do not want to leave you, but my mother is very sick, and I must go to her."

"Only under such circumstances, dear one, can I see you leave me, but may I see you off at the pier, in New York?"

"I should be delighted to have you," said Florence, "but Bertha Johnson and her father are going with me, as far as New York, so it would not be pleasant

for either of us, but remember I love you Lorenzo, and will love you when near or far, and will think of you until we meet again.

Taking something from his pocket, Lorenzo said to Florence, "Here is a small gold locket, containing a miniature likeness of myself, take it and wear it on your neck until we meet again." At length as they were strolling homeward, Florence said to Lorenzo, "Will you not come over to Ireland, this summer, to see me?" Lorenzo replied, "Yes, dear Florence, I will come, if I have to work my passage across the ocean." By this time they had nearly reached the Johnson home, so they stopped and clasping each other's hands they bade each other a lover's typical long farewell. With tearful eyes, Florence begged Lorenzo to come to her home in the summer, and he assured her that nothing but death would prevent him from doing so.

CHAPTER IV

Much better had the eyes ne'er seen,
Nor heart of Love been swollen,
Since the ocean now must roll between,
And away her mother's stolen.

On arriving at old Erin's shore
The news awaited thee,
Your mother lives on earth no more,
She has crossed the immortal sea.

"How green the fields, O God! how still the brook does flow, how sweet the birds do sing, yet how heavy my heart does grow. O! mother, as I sit here on this lonely, yet beautiful shore, can you not come to me?" This was the burden of Florence's daily thoughts, and as she would sit on the rocks and watch the waves, breaking on the sands, she would think of her absent lover far over the roaring sea, and of her dead mother, who had been her only companion. At such times, she would cry: "Mother, mother, come to me, come if but for a moment and comfort your heart-broken child."

She would look at a bird, perching nearby and exclaim, "I wish I were a bird, that I might fly far away up to my mother in the sky, the blue, blue sky, the emblem of purity and home of deliverance, where mothers and daughters are never parted."

She took the locket from her neck, and looking at the picture, thought of Lorenzo and why did he not come to her. "Dear Lord," she cried, "has all the world forsaken me? O my heavy heart! Dear Lord, if thou canst not send my mother to me, I pray thee send Lorenzo, or I shall die for want of mortal love." As Florence got up to go back through the weary fields, home, the sun slipped behind the western horizon, and as it threw its long rays athwart the

sea at her feet, she gazed at the close of day and thought:

So clear a sun,
So clear a sea,
So green the moor surrounding one
So dark as me.
Lord, can it be
That thou hast done
The lighting of the glorious sun,
And calmed the sea,
For other mortals and for me,
And covered o'er the valley green,
And left this wearied soul between
My living lover o'er the deep?
How can I love this glorious scene
With him away and she asleep
Since mother's dead,
And I am led
Away so far from all I love;
My heart has bled
For her above,
For Lorenzo and a mother's love.
God bring her, though it be a wonder
To calm a soul that's crushed asunder.

CHAPTER V

"O, this bleak, weary world! Why did I meet her?
Yet I was foreordained to meet her; I love her, loved
her even before I met her. I have seen her in my
dreams at night; while smoking, I have seen visions
of her earthly form. O Florence, you live in my

heart, you have my love, my soul; I cannot stay from you. The world is not a world, without you. If I must ever be without you, God disembodify my soul that I may take up my spirit abode in mansions above, so that I may descend to my love in Cross-haven, in spirit. I am so restless, the most beautiful summer day, the sweetest summer morning, the flowers, pure as the breath of love; all of these, which were once so sweet to me, without her whom I love so ardently, are now but a mockery. Thus Lorenzo soliloquized and his soliloquy became a dream.

He dreamed that he must arrange his business, cease his practice of medicine and fly to Florence across the sea; that she is pining away for him and the loss of her mother, and that she will be drowned in the river Lee, near an island. He awakened in the morning tired, weary and worn, yet determined to say farewell to his mother and fly to his love. Although he felt that he would never return to his mother's side again, he still thought it his duty to go, and with a choking voice he bade his mother a solemn farewell with these words:

“Mother, think not harsh of me,
Though I leave you for another,
I am called by God to comfort thee,
A lonely soul, dear mother.

I'll calm a heart which once was blest
Though from your side I'm led.

If ever I am laid to rest,
Yours will be comforted.

Throw bread upon the mortal seas,
Relieve the breast that burns,
Then gratitude rolls back to thee
The bread two-fold returns.

Lorenzo took passage aboard the *Leucania*, and at length arrived at *Queenstown*. 'Twas in the month of July when the flowers were in full bloom and the temperature not unpleasantly warm; the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing their sweetest songs, not a breath seemed to stir the foliage, and all Nature seemed to be in a dreamy happy mood. The next afternoon, after his arrival at *Queenstown*, Lorenzo was ferried across the calm waters to *Crosshaven*. He there inquired where the *Snow* residence was, and was directed to the place by the butler of the family who were the *Snow's* nearest neighbors, and who also added the information that the father had been gone for months, and since the mother's death *Florence*, the daughter, spent nearly every afternoon down on the moor where the river emptied into the sea. Lorenzo thanked the butler and started in the direction of the moor. He slowly and quietly descended the hill, and at the foot of which *Florence* was sitting on the banks of the little stream in deep meditation. He was not at first certain that it was *Florence*, but continuing on his way he finally came

near enough to hear her soliloquizing, and then he knew it was she whom he sought, and his heart beat faster, and seemed to rise up in his throat so that he could not have spoken had he so desired. He stood there gazing on his love; she, to whom he had given his heart; she, for whom he had left his mother; she, who was life itself to him. Florence was dressed in white, of some soft clinging material, which showed to perfection her graceful curves. She had been writing poetry and Lorenzo was the muse that inspired her, but she had ceased writing, and leaning her head on her hand, was weeping and calling for Lorenzo, who she thought was across the sea, all unconscious that the object of her thoughts was so near.

Although the stream at her feet was rippling and sparkling over its pebbly bed, the whole atmosphere perfumed with the breath of flowers, the sunlight streaming through the trees onto her waving tresses, and all Nature bright and beautiful, still Florence would not be comforted, but was weeping for her mother and longing for Lorenzo. She looked up to Heaven and said:

“O God, the power of all powers, the greatest of all, what have I done, how have I offended thee, that I should suffer such penance? O Lord, I appeal to thee in this hour of despondency and heart-torture,

to thee, with whom nothing is impossible, to take me to heaven at this moment, to my dear mother, or send to me my love to comfort me."

As she finished speaking, she saw a light in the sky and heard these words: Lorenzo, Lorenzo. "O my God, is he dead, is he dead? Lorenzo, come to me, if you have gone to the spirit world, come to me and tell me if my dear mother is there, and take me there with you." As she stood in despair calling Lorenzo, he, having crept nearly to her, called out in a choking voice:

"Florence, Florence, my love, my life, your prayer is answered, I have come to you in flesh and blood, to go no more away."

At the sound of that loved voice, Florence turned and looked into that face, which was more beautiful to her than any picture in art, or any of Nature's scenes, and exclaimed:

"Lorenzo! God is good."

They then embraced each other and mingling their tears together, they thanked the Lord for permitting them to meet again in this world.

CHAPTER VI

Lorenzo lived in Queenstown and made the Central Hotel his home. He visited Florence three or four

times a week; they took short tours up the river Lee to Cork to hear the Shandon Bells; they walked arm in arm along the Marina and Mardyke, visited the town of Blarney, ascended to Blarney Castle and tried to kiss the Blarney stone; they visited the lakes of Killarney and both thought how different the world was now with love in it. One pleasant afternoon Lorenzo hurried across the Crosshaven to visit Florence, and they walked out to the spot where she had spent so many solemn and lonely hours, and where he had found her weeping and praying for her mother and for him. It was a beautiful day and they sat on the ground making plans for the future. After a few minutes silence came upon them, and they both sat looking at the flowing stream at their feet. Florence at length became worried at the prolonged silence and asked Lorenzo if he were ill, that he was so very quiet. Roused from his dreamy state, Lorenzo said to her: "Florence, I have something to ask of you. Darling, I have never asked you if you would marry me, will you, Florence?"

"Will I marry you, Lorenzo? Yes, I will be married to you by the laws of man, although by the laws of God we have been married all our lives, and such marriages can never be broken, nor can death itself separate us, but only bring us closer together after a short separation, in a world more beautiful

than this, where we will nevermore part, and where Christ, not man, reigns as king."

Lorenzo then said: "Florence, if I should die first, come to this spot here near your mother's grave, and I will return to you in spirit and tell you of the heaven above, and console you until it is time for you to come to me there. I wish you to bury me beside your mother here, and to see that my mother is buried by me on this same spot, and I hope you will live and take care of my mother until death. Will you do this, dearest Florence?"

"Indeed I will, Lorenzo, and should I die first, I will come to you from the realms above and tell you of our future habitation, and I wish you to lay my form to rest beside my mother's here on this spot, and we will make that an agreement between us, and if I come to you and you do not recognize me, I will tell you of the locket you gave me, containing a likeness of yourself."

Lorenzo asked Florence if she believed in the immortality of the soul. She answered and said:

"Yes, Lorenzo, I do believe in it, but have no absolute proof of it, yet I feel that it must be so, for if not, and our existence stops here, this earth might as well be blotted out. But if there is a spirit heaven, this earth is a middle ground to try our souls and

prepare us for a higher and better sphere, do you not think the same, Lorenzo?"

"Yes, love, those are my sentiments exactly. O Florence, is not such a belief a hope that if mortals like you and I are separated by death, before marriage on earth, we will be married by the law of love in heaven, and if we are married on earth by man's law, and are separated by death, afterwards we are reunited in heaven to never part again."

"Well, dear, we will leave it that way at least, and as 'tis growing late, we had better start at once." As they went away arm in arm, and had nearly gotten out of sight of the spot so sacred to both, they turned their eyes once more in that direction and asked God to bless it. When they had reached the pier where Lorenzo was to take the ferry to Queenstown, he placed his arm around his dear Florence and implored her to remember what she had said about coming to him in spirit, if anything befell her. He kissed her again and again, not knowing that he was kissing those mortal lips for the last time.

Farewell! Oh word what depth to thee;

How many truths each day you tell;

This word a clairvoyant you see,

All times adieu you oft foretell.

We take its meaning as gooby,bye,

In other ways applies as well.

To Florence! soul above the sky,

With God you will fare well.

CHAPTER VII

One bright morning Florence made her toilet early and took the 10:00 o'clock ferry boat for Queens-town, intending to take the train from there and go to Cork to do some shopping. But as the ferry boat neared Spike Islands, it collided with another ferry and filled with water and sank at once, only four of the crew being saved from a watery grave. Florence had gone to the depths of the bay to remain forever in silent death. The news of the disaster quickly reached Queenstown, and many boats were sent out to offer aid in finding the bodies of the unfortunates. Lorenzo heard of the disaster, but had not the slightest idea that Florence was one of the victims. He was not to call on her again until the next afternoon, and having nothing else to do, he thought he would volunteer his services in helping to find the bodies of the ill-fated passengers. For some unaccountable reason he had felt depressed and unhappy all that morning and was also laboring under a strong impression that Florence was sick, or was going to die; so he thought he would go to help recover the bodies and then go to Crosshaven to see Florence.

As he, with the other men, had almost reached the scene of the collision, the first thing they saw near

the shore of the island, was the body of a woman with her beautiful hair floating on the surface of the water. As they steered for this, one of the old sailors reached over to pull the stricken form into the boat; all gazed on it with anxious eyes. As the sailor lifted her head up to the bulwarks of the boat, Lorenzo gave a shriek and leaning forward he grasped the cold form of her that was, in all the earth, the nearest his heart and the idol of his soul. As he lifted her in the boat, he pressed her to his breast with his strong arms, and called to her, "Florence, Florence, speak to me, my God, are you dead? O God, unjust God, why did you take her from me." As Lorenzo uttered these words, he fell in a faint with the body in his arms.

CHAPTER VIII

The remains of the unfortunate girl were taken to her home, and Lorenzo would not leave the bier day or night, and kept it covered with the most beautiful flowers he could purchase. He remembered her wishes to be buried in the moor, on the beautiful spot where she had spent so many solemn, and also so many pleasant hours, and so had her grave prepared on this sacred spot, by the side of her mother. At the funeral Lorenzo could scarcely control himself,

and when he took the last look at her, just before they lowered her into the grave, he raised his eyes to heaven and implored God to take his life that he might be buried with her.

No life will be a living care,
To love I am a slave,
Of all the earth I ask to share,
Is part of Florence's grave.

God grant my wish, I'll ask no more,
How can I live from her apart?
While burying her I cover o'er
Her form, with her, my heart.

CHAPTER IX

Many afternoons in Ireland's golden sunshine, Lorenzo visited that isolated, yet beautiful spot. In his mind that little horizon was all there was of earth; his thoughts were centered and concentrated on Florence, and this lonely moor. As the waves dashed against the shore, at his feet, he thought how innocent they seemed, yet how treacherous.

As the waves are rolling at thy feet,
From out the deathly scene,
Each wave he hears the name repeat—
Florence—Florence—Florence.

Lorenzo would sit on the rocks by the sea, in deep thought for a time; then he would rise and walk

back to the grave of his love, on which he would place flowers every afternoon, and sit and weep.

I place these flowers o'er your mound
O'er my heart, my dove
I weep and kneel upon this ground,
And kiss the dust, I love.

One dark gloomy afternoon when the sky was all overcast and the grass wet from the morning showers, Lorenzo was sitting by Florence' grave in a very gloomy frame of mind. His heart was nearly broken, and he became choked and suffocated and cried out as though he was in agonizing pain (and he was in the most excruciating of all pain, that of heart-broken grief). At this moment of utter despair he raised his hands and looked to Heaven and prayed for relief (as all mortals do when they have no avenue of escape or consolation). "But 'tis darkness before the dawn."

At this he heard a clarion voice, and looked around but could see no one. Then in Florence's voice, he heard the words: "Weep no more, but come to the grave tonight at eight o'clock, and I will come to you as I promised and tell you of our future happiness in spirit heaven." At this Lorenzo brightened up and remembered the covenant they had made with each other, at this same spot, the last time they were there together.

CHAPTER X

Lorenzo came to the moor at six o'clock. The grass was wet, the weather very gloomy and he restlessly paced back and forth waiting for the time to arrive that he might see once more his beloved Florence, though only in spirit.

Lighting a match he looked at his watch, and seeing it was nearly eight o'clock, he went and sat down on Florence's grave. The night was very dark and it soon began to rain a fine drizzle which was very depressing, and every few moments the sky in the northwest was streaked with vivid flashes of lightning. It was now an hour past the time when Florence said she would come to him and she had not yet come, and Lorenzo was disappointed, wet, and discouraged with the whole world, and being very tired, he lay down on Florence's grave, caring not what became of him. He finally fell asleep and began to dream of Florence, and that he was with her in Heaven. He dreamed he met her on an ethereal avenue, that looked like the milky way, not illuminated by earthly lights, but by the ever shining stars above. Before he reached her, as they came toward each other, she looked very queenly to him. She was robed in a thin, white substance, and had upon

her head a golden diadem, set with the finest of sparkling gems. She looked like a queen and was a queen over many heavenly souls. She recognized him, and as they met they embraced each other, but as they started off on this avenue to the great domain of Heaven itself, he awakened from his sweet dream, wet, cold, and hungry. He lit another match and looked at his watch and said to himself, "It is 12:00 o'clock, and Florence has not come to me, as she promised, or did I imagine she said she would come to me?"

He became more desperate and lay down on Florence's grave again, saying to himself: "I care not what becomes of me; God, let me fade away into oblivion."

He fell asleep and began to dream of Florence, a dream that was not in vain. As he dreamed, he saw her coming through space to him with light all about her angelic form. She came in spirit and knelt at his side on her own grave, and passed her angel-hand over his care-worn brow, caressing him while he slept and dreamed. She placed her arms under his head, and kissing him, whispered in his ear:

"Wake, wake Lorenzo! I have come to you and for you. You are going to Heaven with me tonight, where you will be out of your misery and care, and where we will ever be as one."

Lorenzo awakened at these words, and seeing her angelic form, placed his arms about her neck as he said to her: "I was dreaming that you were at my side. Am I dreaming still, can it really be you, Florence? Can it be you whom I love? O, prove to me that it is you."

"Do you remember the locket you gave me, in America, having your likeness within? Do you remember, when we were last here, I told you I would come to you and show you this locket and tell you about Heaven? Lorenzo, we will never be parted there by death or any other means, and though we were not married on earth, we will be married in Heaven, and God, not man, shall officiate. So, Lorenzo, come with me to Heaven where you will meet your dear mother, who has just come, and where my mother and all of us will meet our dear ones yet to come, and where there is no separation."

At this Lorenzo's soul pierced through Life's mortal membrane, and with locked arms Florence and Lorenzo passed into eternal bliss, where all who love as purely and truly as these, will meet to part no more, and where the waves from the silvery sea beat upon the shore so softly, where the moors are more beautiful, where the flowers have a sweeter aroma, and where all is love.

The hour we may welcome death,
We cannot lend bliss or borrow,
When we pray to God to take our breath,
And relieve our living sorrow.

When earth is like a dungeon gloom,
And loved ones torn asunder,
Man whose last hope death assumes,
Is wish for death a wonder?

Nor is the brain and heart of ease,
When clime and day is pleasant,
Love plays the part it all will please
Rich, poor, friar and peasant.

THE ASTECS AND THE LOST ATLANTIS

My hypothesis of how the Astecs originated in the Western Hemisphere may seem very crude to many. But it is very plausible in my mind, if I may use mythology to aid me in any hypothetical narrative.

According to the Talmud and Scripture, there was a lost tribe. My idea is they immigrated west across the Isthmus of Suez, which at that time was in a condition that it might be traversed on foot. After reaching Egypt, they marched on to Morocco. From there, by means of small boats or galleys, they could have reached the Cape Verde islands, and on to the Lost Atlantis, which was at that time in its preserved state; and from here, they could have reached the West Indies and thence to Yucatan, where there is much archeological proof of the once existence of a race of people as far advanced in both art and learning as the Egyptians.

I have seen temples and tombs with hieroglyphics on them that were said to be as old or older than those on the Cleopatra Needle at Heliopolis, Egypt. The Astec Indians are a race of people much more advanced mentally than any other race of Indians on

the American continents, so the question arises, "Where did the Astecs originate from?"

We are told the Island of Atlantis was the island where the pack of cards first originated. The Lost Atlantis which was swallowed up in one night by the sea was the only country that had four lakes near together in the center of the island, and four rivers running into each one of the lakes—one from the north, one from the east, one from the south and one from the west. This would divide the island into four countries. These four countries were governed by four kings and queens, and each river had nine tributaries, which divided each country into nine smaller states, each one of them governed by the king's vassals.

From this the pack of playing cards that is used until this day was planned. They had the four aces to represent the four lakes; the kings and queens to represent the four countries; the four jacks to represent the four rivers; the ten-spots, nine-spots and so on to the two-spot represent the nine Cantons or small States that are divided by the tributaries of the larger rivers. The clubs and spades were two countries that were naturally endowed with the art of fighting for a livelihood. This was symbolized with the black figure or club. Black has a pugnacious, coarse effect that gives a more robust enduring spirit.

Spades, which are also black, which was the national emblem of another of these four countries, which was given more to agriculture.

These two countries were diagonally opposite each other. The country with the diamond emblem was inhabited by artisans, while the heart characterized the fourth country. They were the whitest race on the island, more prepossessing, and their personal beauty would cause many of the plutocrats from the adjoining countries to marry their daughters.

Red was the color because red lent a more soft and more artistic effect, which coincided with their natural bearing.

This is said to be the explanation of the cards as they are today. The cards were sacred to them. It was their Bible. Every card had some occult or psychological meaning to it, and they said as the *Revelations of St. John* say of the word of God:

“Let no one add to or take away.”

Likewise with the pack of cards. Let no one add to or take away, or the pack will be ruined, which has been proven by adding the Joker, which really ruins the game.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY

While visiting the Hotel des Invalides or the Tomb of Emperor Napoleon—which in my mind is the most magnificent tomb in the world, with one exception, and that is the Taj Mahal of Agra, India—the thought came to me how great men often come from almost plebeian ancestors. Napoleon was born in the island of Corsica. His parents were poor, but there was a nucleus of greatness in Napoleon that grew as he grew.

“Poets are born and not made,” so are generals. Napoleon could not acquire the wisdom, versatility and strategy that he displayed at Austerlitz, Wagram or Jena, nor the diplomacy and executive ability shown as emperor of colossal France. The natural propensities or merits that Napoleon was endowed with raised him from frugality to Emperor of, what was at that time, the most powerful nation on Earth.

Although the Napoleon dynasty had a rapid growth, it was and must always be looked upon as the one great masterpiece of history. How strange that Napoleon should die in exile at St. Helena, under the British Crown, after making himself Emperor of

France. And not long after, his beloved wife, Empress Josephine, who was the wife of M. Beauharnais prior to her espousal to Napoleon, and by whom she gave birth to Hortense. Hortense later married Napoleon's brother, Louis, and was blessed with a son, who was elected the first President of the French Republic, but afterwards ignored the French chamber of deputies, and proclaimed himself Emperor of France. Like Napoleon, the First, he had attained the height of royal ostentation, and he, likewise, must retrogress and die in exile under the British crown.

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

As I passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, I let my eyes wander over the famous rock, which is a natural fortification, honey-combed and tunneled by mortal hands. Within this rock are nineteen hundred guns pedestaled upon their revolving turrets, facing the Atlantic, the key to the Mediterranean. Capped on its slanting side is the city of Gibraltar. The base is washed by the ever dashing waves, and the dimmed and shaded peak may be seen above the dark, descending clouds.

This is not "Cheops," but God's pyramid. This is not a mausoleum to commemorate the decarnate, nor to perpetuate the name and glories of some mortal man. It seemed to me more like the timber head of safety to fasten our line of hope, and confidence, and satisfaction, contained within the spirit hand of God to demonstrate to His children the strength of nature—the Rock of Hope, the Pyramid of our Creator.

Yonder, across the way, more power lies. This state is Morocco; its pedestal, a rock; in form, a crest. Its collonade of pillars, a strait that separates the land from land, and the sea from sea.

But thou art not a master-piece of mortal fame.
Thou art the pillared Power-God, Hercules, which
represents the power of truth, but not the name.

AN EPITOME OF FOUR DECEIVERS

Henry, erratic and vacillating, does not really know his heart, it is as changeable as the pendulum of a clock, it swings from one side to the other, yet ticks or beats away the sweetest of all time which is the time of mortal love. Eva sits in meditating mood looking out from her father's country summer house early in May, the wild violets just peeping through showing their innocent heads, the spring zephyrs playing about and now and then disturbing Eva's auburn curls, until one falls in front of her placid pensive brow. She gracefully strokes it back carelessly as she speaks in almost audible tones, "I love Henry, I love him and I must have him at any cost. He thinks that I do not know he is going with Eva Page and at the same time making visits to see me. Of course I am older than Henry and must be liberal and excuse this in him, I suppose, for he does not know perhaps which one of us he loves the most. Henry has been very devoted to Miss Eva for the last three months, has called regularly, semi-weekly, and has fallen in love with her. He makes his dec-

larations of love to her, but they are not engaged as yet."

One evening he called to take her to a social gathering in the neighborhood and Eva is attired in a gown with short sleeves and low neck. Eva has a very beautiful figure, yet has a birthmark on her neck in the shape of a rose bud. It is sort of wine color and located on the left shoulder. This does not disfigure her in the least, to the most observing eye, as Eva is so immaculate in her dress and she has this birthmark nearly covered with the white lace edging of her gown. Henry has observed this slight blemish in Eva, but says nothing, of course, but thinks to himself a birthmark is of some use; one might be identified by it.

They have a very enjoyable time at the party and Henry escorts Eva home. In a nearby city lives another Eva Page that is an exact counterpart of Eva Page No. 1. She has hair and eyes alike; is of the same age; their voices are alike, mannerisms the same, play the same pieces on the piano, dance alike and cannot be told apart, and their names happen to be the same.

Eva No. 1 had met Eva No. 2 some time since, and they had become the best of friends. Henry was not aware of this. Eva No. 1 kept this from Henry because she knew he had met Eva No. 2 and

was paying her visits. Eva No. 2 was a very loyal friend and would post her after each visit, and by this found out Henry was fast falling in love with Eva No. 2. Henry had a friend by the name of Ralph Cummings that was as much a counterpart of him as the two Evas were of each other. Henry had Ralph visiting Eva No. 1 while he was visiting Eva No. 2. This really worked for a while, but Ralph was too conscientious; he could not deceive her any longer and confessed he was not Henry Wakefield, but was just plain Ralph Cummings. This did not provoke Eva No. 1, but made her all the more determined to connive, as she had already done to get him at this point. The Evas exchanged homes with each other, and at the same time must keep it from their parents or they would prevent such actions. Eva No. 2 resided with her parents in Springfield, Mass., and Eva No. 1 made her home in the winter with her parents in the city of Boston. They also had a summer home just out of Boston. Henry had made his arrangements with Ralph to keep company with Eva No. 1 and use his name while he went to Springfield to stay for a few months, that he may ascertain to his own satisfaction whether or not he loved Eva No. 1 or Eva No. 2 the most. Henry made his regular visits to her home and devoted himself very assiduously to her. Henry was an attorney and did

not wish to remain idle, so went in the law office of Sands & Colter. Ralph was fulfilling his mission with Eva No. 1 by this time, but there was not so much deception in Ralph; he could not be so false with her, as not to give his name, as after he made several calls under the cognomen Henry Wakefield, he divulged Henry's secrets. Ralph was fast falling in love with Eva No. 1. Her musical acquirements were love inspiring to him, and completely overcame him. She also admired Ralph in many ways, but not as she did Henry. Henry was her ideal of a man. He had traveled extensively and was very striking in his physical make-up. He was very magnetic and there was a strong affinity between Eva No. 1 and Henry. The two Evas having known each other so long, and Eva No. 1 had often gone to pay long visits to Eva No. 2 at different times, unbeknown to either of these two gentlemen, Henry and Ralph, so they had acquired each other's ways to a marked degree, had their gowns made the same, of the same color, and what were not the same in the way of hats, jewelry, etc., they had exchanged for the special occasion. It was one Wednesday morning that Eva called up Eva No. 2 by long distance telephone and they made their arrangements. Eva No. 2 was to come to her home before she left for Eva No. 1. She arrived on the next morning's train and took up her abode at

Eva No. 2's home. Eva No. 1's parents had left home for a visit in the South and they had left no one but the servants, so it was smooth sailing for her. Eva No. 1 goes alone to her friend's home, having been informed about the servants' names and all. She gets along nicely; both girls are in strange homes, but are making the best of their difficulty, and are surmounting every obstacle to make this a success. Henry makes his first call on Eva No. 1 which he supposes to be Eva No. 2. Eva receives him with some timidity and is reluctant about getting too near to him at first, and is evasive in talking about local matters as she knows she is not posted about the city. Yet they pass a very enjoyable evening together. Eva is so glad to have this opportunity to be with Henry again, for she idolizes him. While he is sitting with her one evening on the settee, he places his arms about her and tells her that he once had a lady friend who looked so much like her and also told her he loved her with one exception, the best of any person on earth, and, of course, the exception was her when he made this confession. Eva nearly laughed, but she kept from it. She asked where this other lady made her home, but Henry wouldn't tell her this; he told her he would tell her later. Henry by this time was fast falling deeply in love. Eva was doing all in her power to coil the net of love around him. Her

ways were so entrancing; her figure was that of Venus personified, or in other words, if the statue of Venus of Milo should come to life and walk out of the Louvre Museum of Paris it would not be more graceful than Eva, especially this evening in her beautiful gown.

Henry is satisfied in his own mind that he loves whom he supposes to be Eva No. 2 the best, and there is nothing in the world that he would not sacrifice for her, so he proposes to her that they marry within the next two weeks; that he loves her to such an extent that he cannot wait any longer. Of course his proposal is accepted and the next evening he calls he places a diamond ring on her finger as an engagement ring. Henry writes the news to his friend and confederate, Ralph. Ralph receives the letter and laughs so heartily when he reads it, thinking that he does not know that he has told his right name. Ralph has been continuing his visits and has not discovered any difference in the two Evas; he thinks he is going with Eva No. 1. It has never entered his mind, other than that. However, Ralph becomes infatuated with his Eva the same as Henry, and proposes to her that they marry within two weeks. Henry has told him the date they were to marry and wants Ralph to marry the same day, so they agree to do this. All the time the two Evas are

having lots of fun telephoning and writing about the joke they are paying on the boys, and Henry is congratulating himself how politic it was of him to do as he did, by looking further, before deciding.

Henry says to Eva that he has a very dear friend that is to be married the same day that he is, and that he would like to have a double wedding. Eva agrees to this at once, and thinks it would be something novel and out of the ordinary.

Ralph has by this time written to Henry and confessed to him that he has divulged his right name, so that enabled Henry to tell his friend's name, thinking, of course, she knew nothing of him, or her. Ralph receives a letter that he shows his fiancée, stating that they have a double wedding, which is readily accepted.

Ralph has been informed by Henry that the two ladies were so near alike in every way that it was impossible to tell them apart. The time had arrived, the wedding day was at hand. Ralph and Eva were to come to Boston, which they did; they were to meet at the First Congregational Church at 11:30 a.m. After going to the hotel and having lunch and arranging their apparel for traveling, they proceeded to the church where they met Henry and Eva, the other Eva waiting up stairs where it was quite dark. There Henry introduced his former love to his

fiancée, as he was in an undertone asking pardon for substituting Ralph for himself, and she quickly says "I accept your apology. All is well that ends well." Then he turns and introduces his intended to Ralph. All this time it is almost impossible for the two Evas to keep from laughing, but instead, they pretend to be amused at the likeness of both gentlemen and themselves. Ralph is dumfounded. It makes him think he is dreaming. He can hardly know or understand how this can be. He thinks he has met both of these ladies somewhere, but knows not where, though he says nothing.

The wedding march begins, the bell rings for them to descend the stairs to the altar, the rector is ready, the church is well filled. They march slowly up the isle keeping time to the wedding march. It is very much lighter in the church than it was up stairs. Henry and Eva No. 1 (in Henry's mind supposed to be Eva No. 2) walks up the isle together ahead, with Ralph and the other Eva just behind. They reach the altar, they take their positions four abreast under beautiful floral decorations of great variety. The rector proceeds to marry them. "Henry Wakefield, do you take Eva Page to be your lawful wife," "Ralph Cummings do you take Eva Page to be your lawful wife, both of you to love, honor and obey"—at this moment Ralph notices the birthmark that he

at one time had seen on the shoulder of Henry's Eva, and he knew something was wrong as he looked down on his Eva, they both wearing low-necked dresses on this occasion. He became nervous, he could not see the birthmark on the Eva that he was about to marry. The rector was waiting for the accustomed "yes" from both gentlemen, but they made no answer. The Evas were becoming nervous. They had seen that Ralph had discovered something, but they had never thought of the birthmark. Ralph tried to get Henry's eye, his face was becoming flushed. Eva No. 1 was so anxious for she wanted it over, as she did love Henry so and was afraid that if he discovered her in this he would never say that little word that would bind their hearts together forever. The guests were almost rising in their seats wondering what was the matter. Henry catches Ralph's eye as he glances down at the shoulder with the birthmark. His eye follows Ralph's and looks at the birthmark which he had not seen since that evening months before at the social gathering in the country, he then looks her in the face, raising her hand. Ralph is doing the same to his Eva, looking her over as you would a horse before purchasing. They both rub their eyes. Tears begin to trickle down Eva No. 1's cheeks. She fears the secret is out. As the rector asks the second time for the word

"Yes," Henry speaks up, "Just wait a minute, I want to see if their are any more birthmarks here," as he looks at Ralph's Eva, but does not see any birthmark as there is none to see. He walks back to his former place, rubs his eyes again, as he turns with a mischievous look and says to his bride to be, "Who are you?" Then Ralph speaks up and says to his bride to be, "Yes, who are you?" "Aren't you girls mixed, or are we," Henry says. Ralph meditates for a moment and sees something has got to be done. The audience and the rector are by this time tired of waiting in this agonizing suspense, when the rector asks for the word "Yes" for the third time. Ralph answers, "Yes, I do," and tells Henry to say "Yes," the only difference in them anyway is that little birthmark. Then the two Evas confess what they have done. Henry takes Eva, his birthmark wife, into his arms and says in loud dramatic tones, "Yes, yes, yes, God bless you. I will take you, birthmark and all. I love you," as the rector proceeds and marries the two couples.

POEMS

OUR NEEDS

Love, Earth's greatest power,
Heat our greatest need,
Happiness, our richest dower,
Truth, be our only greed.
Home sounds sweet to many,
Mother sweeter still;
But Heaven, is there any—
But loves and loves at will.

NOBLE DEEDS

There comes a time in every life,
An hour in every while,
And through our cares and greatest strife
A moment we may smile.
No battle yet was ever won,
Without the crimson gore,
Nor deeds of valor yet was done
Without beside it bore,
To he who fought and fought so well,
For honor, home and name.
If he should fall, a hero fell
Immortalized in fame.

A life—a Noble life—is one
That man and God adore,
By noble deeds if you succumb
You have saved a thousand more.

THE PAST

Into the field of romance,
Down by the brooks of tears,
I sit mid the withered flowers
As the spectre of my past appears,
As I sit for an hour in the gloaming,
And live in the Eden that's past,
'Neath the mantle of sorrow there is solace,
Tho only in dreams can it last.
I linger a moment in the valley—
Of Death—of all love that's untrue,
I hear the sweet words that reëcho,
“My love it is only of you.”
Love's melody with years may be dying,
Tho low and sweet is the tone,
As the swan when its soul is departing,
It gurgles its most musical groan.

THE PROFLIGATE SON

The profligate, the prodigal,
The desecrated infidel,

The child that does the mother wrong,
The boy that loves both wine and song,
Her to poverty has often led;
Has even gambled with her bread;
Has even pawned her bed away,
And left her but the floor to lay—
To lay in sickness, but still to pray
For he that is from her away,
For all his iniquities and all his sins,
She forgives and takes him back again.

LIFE NOT ALL IN VAIN

Life's not all in vain,
God gives the right to think of better days,
What is dark to us, to thee is plain
God has his ways.

DEATH MUST COME

Time will fly,
Death must come
To you and I,
To every one.
Our sickness—*last*
There is no cure,
It's never passed
A one, 'Tis sure.

EARTH'S NECROPOLIS

In years to come, the earth will be,
There is no other room,
Except repose at death in thee,
The Earth a fleeting tomb.
In time to come, at death's repose,
The slab that marked the lay;
The bricks that our cold form enclose
Will both be mortal clay;
The very dust, from where doth grow
The grain to feed thy kind,
Sprouts from the hand that once did sow
But now to all is blind.
When one is laid six feet below,
And from the living tore
The clay that covers us we know
Is only many more.
The time will come, in years it must,
When we're not only fed
By life from this once mortal dust,
But supported by the dead.

AGE

Life's vain delusions have gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

THE AX

Bound by the desert and the sea,
An Indian city stood—
Each building just a simple tree,
No brick, or stone, just wood.

One roof for all, which was the sky;
One floor that did prevail,
As bed on which the living lie,
The streets a narrow trail.

Where is this city, God had wrought,
Has it gone by steady hacks;
From woodman's hands, whose ruin sought
With the initial tool—THE AX.

The pioneers in days gone by,
To them, we owe a bow,
For they have cleared, for you and I,
With the Ax that we may plow.

MY HOME OF YOUTHFUL DAYS

I pass by the homestead now,
But only pass indeed
Unconscious of my reverent bow,
As onward I proceed.

My eyes are on the old brick home,
The orchard, yard and well,

You sheltered and fed flesh and bone,
No verse one's love can tell.

Each tree, each shrub, each foot of earth,
I reverence each stick and stone,
Though a thousand more can ne'er be worth
Or seem to me like home.

Within the hall I imagine still,
With hair so wavy gray,
My mother sits, but "Oh! poor Will,"
I yet can hear her say.

Beneath her bated breath this one,
Since he was taken away,
She loved the home, but Will, her son,
Is her long litany.

Of all the assets for our mirth,
The one 'till death that strays,
This one so paramount in worth
Is home of youthful days.

DEATH IS KING

Death is King, it governs human tide,
'Tis King of birth yet closely allied,
From death the germ of life may sprout and grow,
It starts from death just trace the embryo,
It is a plant at first from there we start,

On which we're fed the glands secrete, in part,
A nucleus, once plant, now mortal seed
From this by will to mortal form may read
So far so good, but only flesh has spoke,
But when and where and how has life awoke.
The fetus now takes on the ego life,
Nee Science yet may analyze when rife,
We then may know this element is one,
That comes from out the great Oblivion,
By birth and death we come from where we go,
By this same road we travel to and fro,
Erstwhile on earth there were no living thing,
The first on earth was death, so death it must be king.

A CELESTIAL TRIAL

If Pythagorian philosophy be true,
And transmigrating souls go on and through,
To another sphere where Beelzebub may be,
I dream I see a Heavenly tragedy,
Constantine, the Great, rules over all.
The Laberan is sceptre and its pall
No mutiny—but submissive to its wave,
As here on earth to all but that were brave.
Court has convened, Herod Antipas, is tried;
John, the Baptist, is the Judge and by his side
Is Christ, his chaplain and forensic guide;
Joseph acts as barrister to the King,

St. Peter before them twelve great jurors bring,
Salome lasciviously dances o'er
To take the stand as many years before.
She danced to please the malignant heart that led,
To gratify whatever want, she plead
For John, the Baptist's, life, they were allied
For that great crime, these two were being tried.
No abnegation at this tribunal now;
They make their abjurations and their vow,
At this celestial Sanhedrim so just,
Where spilling blood is not paramount of lust,
Found guilty of that ignominious crime,
Is the sentence "Death" or is it "penal time."
From mosaic law is sentence now impelled.
Or commentaried statutes later welled,
To those the zelots clung so long an age,
Before the Christ, the Jurist and the Sage.
Sentence now imposed. It reads like love;
It comes from John as tender as a dove.
Arise, take foot, and go thy way,
Thy sins that burden—be penitent and pray,
Several spheres yet await thy coming in,
Before thou art exempt from this and other sin.

ON LEAVING HOME.

Berlin, how can I leave thee in scorn,
Since you my body reared,

Although I leave thee forlorn,
My eyes are full of tears.
To leave the place where I was born;
My mother senile in years.
While I depart with just my form,
I will leave to you my tears.

WHILE LOOKING AT RAPHAEL'S MADONNA

Peace on her brow
The Christian world extole,
Christ in her arms,
Heaven in her soul.
Both bliss on earth and heaven,
In you the child God sired.
The Hope to multitudes have given
And all the world inspired.

THE EARTH'S GREATNESS

Who made the sea?
The bounding sea,
There is no power that equals thee.
Who made the levees to there confine?
The mountain waves of ocean brine,
Throughout the bordered land entwine.
Who made the monsters there within?
No equal to the whale has been,
Of the ocean great they are a kin.

Who makes the tide so regular rise?
Is it the planets in the skies,
If so, the name of God applies.

To things above the power of man,
Superhuman make and plan,
And often ruled as thou command.

As great as the Ocean then may be,
Rule the despot not the despot thee,
God made and rules both man and sea.

THE BENEDICTION

O, children here within they ken.
Whilst here we live,
Whilst here we live,
Appease the latent power of men,
Whilst here we live,
Whilst here we live.

Pray unanimous for all who sin,
The Jew, the Gentile, kith or kin.
The peer, the peasant, what matter when?
You only pray for souls of men.
Whilst here we live, Whilst here we live.

The pensive prayer,
The contrite heart.
Whilst here we live,

Whilst here we live.
It has its subtle weight in part,
On future penitence we all forbear,
Whilst here we live.

Unite our creeds as one be given
Whilst here we live,
Make here for those from us derived.
A birth to them what we hope of heaven,
Whilst here we live,
Whilst here we live.

MAN—HOW SMALL, HOW WEAK

Feeble man of mind tonight,
The chaos of the day,
View the many satellites,
Of constellation ray.
Oblivious viscera bow bound
Of which earth is a bit
The prerogative right of space around
Of space so infinite.

The light from Mars to us
And teaches us that towers
By virtue of our crystal lens,
There's other worlds than ours
Ostentatious mortals weak
God may our future plan.

Greater worlds and beings seek,
With dominion over man.

Proud man why feel above thy kind
The submissive and the meek
Are oft endowed with greater mind,
Though physically are weak
Are we judged by brutal strength,
Or egotistic ear.

Or what we might have been at length
Or what we really are.

Ofttimes riches vanish far.
The sweetest faces fade,
The brightest gems often are
From roughest mineral made.
Subordinate man—look far away,
At entities more unique,
Acknowledge truth, confess and say,
Man—How small, How weak.

CONQUEST OF INFINITE LOVE

'Tis better to live on the desert bleak,
With the environment of love about,
Or the remotest darkness seek
Than to brighter climes without.
Erstwhile conquest fought by men.
Tho' not a musket fight,

The balls the bayonets then,
We saints to proselyte.

The prayer the chief, and not the rod,
Love his strategy has given.
His sword the light of his father's God
His battle-field was Heaven.

The powder used was incense then,
To benison all his goal;
His citadel was but mortal men,
The temple of the soul.

The word of God the scepter worth
Divine equity from the altar rings
Throughout all nations of the earth,
Inspired by Christ, the King of Kings.

Love the potent factor gave,
Recreant to this enthrall;
He sought their lives, but to only save,
Tho died Himself for all.

CEDAR POINT

Days auspicious coming fast
Old and young are thinking,
Hearing sonnets of the past,
Propitious pleasures drinking.

Having dreams that do amount,
Tho not of nightly sleeping,
In day dreams can see the Point
Across the bay peeping.

Libation, quaff and music art,
Where dancing reigns serenely.
If love has never pierced thy heart,
The point will help so keenly.

The Coney of the middle west,
The bathing suits so stunning,
Ladies gowned for bathing dressed,
Tho only are they sunning.

But oh the time that we may loit,
Amid this solace feeder.
If there is bliss 'tis on this Point,
On sands beneath its Cedar.

PLEASURE

A fountain as the shrine of pleasure,
With tenacious zeal we seek,
Nor can we see or feel yet treasure,
This great goal so strong, yet weak.
Life's tenor from this fountain spraying,
Stimulating in its wake,
To happiness all are suing, praying,
Which honest toiling seems to make.

In the cleric world confining,
In the factory's deafening roar,
Beneath the sod in peril mining,
Into wartime's nautic lore,
Life in all its phases seeking,
Seeking, working, gazing blind.
In the future unaccompanying,
For relief of heart and mind.

Ameliorate thy ways for pleasure,
Propound thy might in common all,
This fountain force is our own pressure,
To cause a better volume's fall.
You alone by your own labor,
You can reap a blissful way,
For thyself and for thy neighbor
To thy fount-felicity.

EACH PLAYS ITS PART

There's not a stick or stone on earth,
Or fish within the sea,
But plays its equal part in worth,
Or there it would not be.

Some men of egregious stamp,
More of middle lay,
Even the desecrated weary tramp,
Have their parts to play.

From the beginning of this earthly stage,
When first the curtain rose,
It changes little by its age,
Or will it till the close.

So man and mammal of this plain
And planets of the sky,
We know you were not made in vain,
If not the reason why.

By love the wicked man o'er power,
Such is the Christian plan;
The hand that made the sweetest flower
Made the wicked man.

'TIS ALL WITH THEE

Yes the alpha omega the first and the last,
The beginning, the end, the future and past,
'Tis all in the power of Him not in we
To protect or destroy with land, air or sea,
It seems at Thy will the elements obey
You destroy by earthquake, by fire burn away,
Possessions of man, slow built by their work,
Are wrecked by earth's tremors and leveled to earth.
We talk on the air planets studiously see,
Or sail crost the ocean like doves we can flee,
And circle the earth by electricity's use.
Tho man may be dead his voice can reproduce,

We can print and publish and build to the sky,
Or descend to the depths and in helmet keep dry,
We are great, we seem great to ourselves but until
Disaster is on us who bridles at will
Can lead us or drive us or destroy if thou choose,
All at his mercy our lives in His noose,
Turn back to tradition, read on its page,
'Tis noon as it was from the beginning of age
If experience be teacher, well may we know,
In peril tho none of us skeptically grow.
We know not the moment on the ground that we trod,
It will crumble and consume us in the bosom of God,
If taken away by the power we are blessed,
We must welcome disaster 'tis God who knows best.

LIFE PHILOSOPHICAL

The heavy laden weary soul of mortal here below,
Can bring thyself a blissful hour, by relieving another woe;
Look into space, penetrate therein,
Think what we still may be, and what we may have been.
The flower grows sweeter from its youth,
From seed to fruit 'tis everlasting truth;
Value life while here for this is certain
We know not of the worlds beyond death's gloomy curtain.

Live on, live on, why take life at will,
All have a part to play, a place to fill,
The weak, the strong, the good, the bad, have power,
The chaff protects the grain, the bran, the flour,
Our neighbor is often favored many, many ways.
Endowed at youth with great propensities
Tho other ways have cared that would not tempt,
Exchange of troubles from which none are exempt;
If care and troubles seem your lasting fate,
Embellish them with hope, just live and wait,
None are sure of heaven from peasant on to Pope,
To know is to die, we can only pray and hope,
If we were sure of worlds more sweet than ours.
Composed of love of harmony and flowers,
All would want to go the world might cease to be.
The land as well might burn and evaporate the sea.
The laws that are best, God willed it so,
If bliss is not in store it is best we do not know,
Make the best of life while here, why borrow, beg
or steal,
From fabled worlds we know not of, when ours we
Know is real.

ORDINATION

Whatever it has been, and ever it will be
The metamorphic elements to man and back to thee;
Man grows up to die, night follows day,

Evolution alters form, tho nothing wastes away,
Elements requisite to mankind,
The clay, the water and the wind,
Were kin to all—and all to one will be,
We only decompose to dust to free the form
That's old and worn and weak within.
We crumble in the grave—the womb of life again
A birth ordained—foreordained at birth to die,
It was to be some cause was fixed, some reason why.
Fair is fated not to shape its end,
The path of life's ascent the same to death does blend.
The scales equality must balance near,
Or day and night would reign in one everlasting year.
The moment the cause that caused our being array,
A cause has also caused this being to take away.

CHRISTMAS EVE*

Tonight, with all the incense sweeter,
I think I hear a mother's voice,
Tonight in prayer our hearts may feel her
Tonight the Christian would rejoice;
Tonight our senses clear brighter,
Our eyes but angel visions see,
Just by thy touch our burden's lighter,
Tonight our taste is but of thee,

*In this poem, I assume there are seven senses. I take it upon myself to add the sense of thought and the sense of speech.

Tonight commune by our senses seven.
Tomorrow feasting will afford
A hallowed meal for us and heaven,
On the birthday of our Lord.

SISTERS NINEVEH*

Twin Sisters Nineveh with beauty so rare,
Twin Sisters Nineveh with glory and power,
Chaldeans and Medes in Power compare
Their gift from their God, a namesake, a dower
They have been crowned with the glory
Not in war, but of name
There the "Ladies of Kingdoms" the historical story
Nineveh, Nineveh, their title of fame.

*The Sisters Nineveh were really the foundere of the City of Nineveh or later called Babylon on the Euphrates River, which runs into the Persian Gulf.

The reader of this poem will see that there is no metre and also the diction is rather strange for a poem, though I feel closer allied to this, than to any other lines I have ever written, on account of the suffering I underwent to reach the City of Babylon. I traveled for 29 days on a dromedary's back with a Turk and an Armenian across the Syrian desert, taking the southern route, which makes the trip much more hazardous. After having reached this desolate place, while I was resting at the base of the hanging Gardens, admiring the ruins, I composed this poem. I consider this moment of my life, the most inspiring, as far as the archeological scenes of this earth are concerned in my life.

These Babylonian sisters a city provoked,
 "Walled Place" Babylon Nineveh no more
In dust, "Kouyunjik" Tepe is yoked
 By the hand of Jehovah who can destroy and re-
 store

The fire Hades started and afterwards stoked
 By the power of Almighty and good men deplore
Chaldeans and Medes their prophecy revoked
 Though the prophecy was true, Nineveh is no more.

Except in the dust, by strangers surveyed
 The tomb "Tomb" of silence, the city outlives
The Gardens ahanging, Babylonians made
 Still mantle the banks of the Euphrates River
All the minds to conceive, all the hands to construct
 All the glory and fame, all their pomp and their
 power
All the Kings that have reigned on the Nineveh
 dower
 All the years that it lived, it died in an hour.

FRAGMENTS

"Death sprouts the germ of honor.
The absence of a composer revives his lines."

"Man with potent mind to man submissive.
Never is recreant to the entreties of woman woman
 ever."

"BARKIS IS WILLING"

Barkis, Barkis, are you willing,
I've a cottage but alone,
You I want, if you are willing,
To complete my little home.
You've inspired me to be saving
Tho a cottage 'twill be thine,
'Tis for you, I have been craving,
Barkis, Barkis, will you be mine?
I would like a palace for you,
With a garden all about;
But a cottage is sweeter with you
Than a palace is without.
Barkis, say that you are willing,
Say you'll be my little wife,
All I want is for you filling,
Cottage home, my heart, my life.

REVERENCE

We speak, yet utter not a word,
Complaisantly we kneeled, we nod,
Each jest is seen, each thought is heard,
Of ours in prayer by God,
We hail the Virgin Queen as on we plead,
To saints who never turn to dross,
We seek asylum by prayer on every bead,
Then kiss the cross.

Then stoop and let your pleadings rise,
With God's sweet incense in the air,
'Tis only such who never dies,
Who live in prayer,
Solace is only found in Thee,
A boon that will condole,
Ask in prayer anointed be,
The language of the soul.

THIS BLEAK, SAD EARTH

My heart is weary of this bleak, sad earth;
It affords no pleasure, no love or mirth.
If death should call the roll would I shrink or sigh,
Or would I thus respond, and say "Aye-Aye."

The old whose step with measured stroke and groan
He takes his daily walk up street or lane.
Life still is sweet, there is no hateful moan,
The world he loves for all of senile pain.

The child whose world is all within his reach,
He thinks not of the labyrinth before
That he must pass, for this alone should teach
That mirth is never found alone in lore.

THE OCEAN'S NECROPOLIS

The entrancing anthem from the mighty wave
You seem by this to human soul decoy

Upon its breast for solace yet the grave
Seems ever open welcome to destroy.

The tide will ebb and flow, the storms will come and
go,

The ships will plow its fluted breast,
And well we know 'twill never show
The souls that are at rest.

No vampire's meal or student's steal
In earth's terrestrial blue.
Where sod should seal if it were real,
'Tis but the briny dew.

In the ocean's swell it sounds its knell
Of buried dead in peace.
These words, "'Twill tell—'Tis well—'Tis well,"
My requiem shall never cease.

WE MAKE OUR GOD

'Tis what you do the better that you are,
Each little mite of good is God in he,
The atomic good we do from star to star
Will make a greater God for you and me.

GODFREY'S CHRISTIAN CRUSADE

With greater fervor fought he men,
With greater valor won,

When Godfrey took Jerusalem
Than Titus could ever done.

Titus fought for Rome and fame
And the spoils that gold accord,
But Godfrey fought for but the name
And cradle of our Lord.

The Saracens were his only thought,
The Holy Land his prey,
By desecrating they had wrought
A standard to obey.

He and his army proffered all
To God for God and Christian see
The cross their standard, on from Gaul
They march, this Legion co-heirs of thee.

Through many storm unsheltered night
With sick and hunger in their camp,
Undaunted still inspired by right,
They onward to Selima tramp.

As on they wend their weary way,
They view the sacred Olivet,
And as they kneel to pray
They see the Islam minaret.

These Koran sentinels only wake
There zealous passions too

A more formidable engine make
And Christian war pursue.

Now conquest reigned in zealous rage,
Greek fire in torrents fell,
The falchions chafed as to presage
The Mussulman to hell.

But so repulsed by wall and men
They falter in distress,
An apparition in their ken
Tell them to onward press.

On Calvary waves in coat of mail
Fight on with all thy lust
With heroic effort they now assail
And reduce the wall to dust.

Much blood was shed neath Omar's Dome,
Compassion had he none,
From Pagan to a Christly zone
This Christian Crusade won.

A Metamorphosis now took place
From panoply of war
They placed phylactery to grace
Thy tomb and this explore.

Tranquility was now at hand
To Godfrey still they cling,

Unanimously for him they stand
And pronounce him future King.

But Godfrey now declines. He said
The Christ he loves he thus forlorns
No crown of gold place on my head
Where Christ the King must wear the
 thorns.

A MOTHER'S VOICE

The panegyric theme with gesture wand,
The General's voice, his order, his command.
The eulogizing memoir o'er the dead.
Not only lips that spoke but what they said,
This rhetorician Lincoln o'er the brave,
Encomiums at battle-field or grave;
At Gettysburg, what voice could ever sound,
As great, as good, and heard the world around,
The prima donna's thrill—her vocal throat
Expelling songs, the food of soul is note.
Music never shun, tho ever sought,
The villain's heart, its tender strains has wrought;
To tender harmonizing mood will quaint
A brute thus changed from sinner into saint.
The birds that charm by song in boughs above,
No other mammals please the poet's lyre,
Translate thy warble into verse inspire,

The meaning of thy love to mate the way,
Birds the bards of heaven, we may say;
They sing their love, these poets of the air
For song is love on earth and everywhere,
In past, I've heard a voice, more sweet, more dear
To me my mother's lullaby I still can hear,
She rocked the cradle, keeping time with song.
I hear it still, God help me hear it long
Forensic or ecclesiastic vow,
No rhetoricians master speech allow,
Nor did Demosthenes or Cicero,
Let from their lingual organs ever flow,
A voice as tender—or a Homer write,
Or Plato philosophically a night,
E'er teach, or preach or write, or sing, or other
More pleasing sweeter—than a loving mother.

THE BIRDS

Dear birds, the tree is evergreen,
The sky is ever clear,
You have no sorrow in your song,
No cold days in your year.

If I could fly with you,
We'd make with our small wing,
Our visit to the ocean blue,
And come back in the spring.

COULD I BUT DREAM

Could I live as I was dreaming,
And the world had all the seeming
In this hour of care redreaming,
Let me dream.

I was in a land of leisure;
All our trials we've changed to pleasure
And the soul we mostly treasure
Were in dreams.

None corrupt or none in sorrow,
For thy placidness no horror
In my dream.

O my wakening, from my dreaming,
And the sun through window beaming,
O, my dream.

'Twas all over, I must get up,
Don my daily garb and make-up,
And my same old cares must take up
'Twas a dream.

'Are not sweet dreams that have no doing,
In that real, real morning,
Like the dreams the dead are dreaming,
Such let me dream.

ABNORMAL DREAMS

Abnormal dreams of wealth and glory,
Of seraphic lands and fabled food;
Away from all that's grim and gory,
In a moment's dreaming mood.
Utopia Island seemed surround me,
Eldoradian riches mine.
Embroglio was within me
With Venus drinking nepenthe wine,
A molted golden lake a moving,
I, the monarch, sitting there,
Watching—smiling nymphs their bathing,
Gold drops dripping from their hair.
I, the choice I had of choosing
As King David did of old,
All or any here a bathing,
In this lake of molted Gold.

THE CASTLE

The Gothic castle, so arrogant, so proudly stands
Embellished on all sides by stately lands;
Its lofty walls, its facade Tunic laid,
With mosaic floors and mammoth colonade;
'Tis built to shelter or to shun at will
Within protect or outward it may kill.
Its aspect lends a beauty to all that view,
But only offers homage to the few,

Dispensing laws the part of state to play
By plebeian hands was built tho' must obey.
The walls within the Epicurus confines,
Drinking rounds to Bacchus—god of wines,
Just provoked by court's imperial grace,
Is wrought by idle pleasures of the place.
Of all the sensuous pleasure thou may sup
And the cloak of supreme justice covers up;
Nor are we judged by where our sins are sown,
In castle shield or by cabin known,
Nor can we screen the vision of thine eye,
For all are judged thus equal by and by.

FRAGMENT

The heavy laden, weary soul of mortal here below,
Can bring thyself a blissful hour by relieving other's
 woe.

TO MOTHER

You can see the moistened tear
 Steal boldly from my eye;
Have you not marked the flush of fear
 Or caught the murmured sigh?
Nor can you think my love is chill,
 'Tis of you alone.
And can you think me doubtless still,
 A heart so much your own.

To you my only affection move,
Away tho warm and true.
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er
On this you may rely.
Alas! I know but one proof more
I'll bless you till I die.

ODE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

This morning, when the dawn was cleared,
The mellow streaks of light we view,
It was the same old sun that neared
To pass the old, and commence the new.
Way in the eastern seas this morn,
As many score years before,
You have rose and set until you've born
Another century more.

Dear boon to man, the friend of earth,
When in the western seas you sink,
We ne'er can estimate your worth,
O God of Light we praise and think,
In a century past you've born the men
That's made this age, the electric age.
Look back in ancient times and then,
And then, there was none of such sage.

Tho this night we'll watch and pray,
That the coming century will be as great
As the seconds usher in the day,
We can only welcome thee and wait.
But the years that's coming in our way
We can only welcome thee, O well,
But the years that's dying with this day,
We can only say—FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

TOYS

Those toys I see,
Where may the owner be.
Whose little fingers built,
Castles to fall again.
A flower thou was to be
A bud tho all to me
Must wilt.
Must die and go
Where—I do not know
Since from my child bereft
My youthful boon,
The one these toys mused
There all—tho never used
That's left.

LET MINUTES BE HOURS
Let minutes be hours,
Let hours be years,

In summer and flowers,
In sorrow and tears,
For one is the scale
For others to weigh,
We must have a decanter,
To appreciate May.

THINK NOT OF THE PAST

Think not of the past, 'tis too late we must borrow;
Our felicitous moments unprovidently entombed.
'Tis the hope of the solace that may come with the
morrow
That will brighten our present, by our future il-
lumed.

THE CLOCK

Ticking, ticking, onward beating,
Ticking time away.
Striking hours as they're fleeting,
This is all you say.
How nonchalant, tho unremitting,
The pendulum into measured sway,
Lever at every tick admitting,
Also ticking lives away.
Ticking, ticking, still a ticking,
Time your only food.

Seems your work is never ceasing
Tho a head you oft intrude.
Judge your future by tradition
All of histories on your face,
Explaining time's your only missive,
Wisdom for the human race.

Ticking, ticking, striking, pointing
With their hands to mortals show,
More than any monarch ruling,
As they to their work and fro
Ticking from the cradle ticking,
Babes to man, to manhood brave,
To take our places those your ticking
While ours your ticking to the grave.

TO MOTHER

O fondly love and as these lines appear
The past, the present, and all time to come
I mark remembrance to you, I love so dear.
Accept these thoughts from your unworthy son.

In after days revere these lines sincere,
One friendly thought I ask for you to sound.
I'll answer tho in burning climes I hear,
Or lonely lie beneath earth's lily mound.

And if my theme past wail or woe reminds,
Excuse the worst, one sigh, I ask no more,

I'll love you still in heaven or other climes
Or beneath the earth or briny ocean's roar.

THE CAUSE I'LL LEAVE UNTOLD

O God, thy ever living host above,
Relieve my bleeding heart.
'Twas you that caused this soul to love,
The one you caused to part.
Canst Thou not mend this rupture, God,
And cease thy bleeding care.
Place my form beneath the sod,
And spirit with you there.

Those few sweet hours are with me now,
The brightest days that shone
To love, but then such was my vow,
O blissful care, O vanished care,
This darkened life you've made.
While making all for her so far,
You've made my pleasures fade.

I look back at the saddest hour,
When love comes to its close,
As the sun went down that blissful flower
Had changed its sweet repose.
She drew close to me in whispering voice,
And said our love must end.

O she, who was my love, my choice,
Could only be a friend.

Those few words their sharpened blades,
Have rend this heart in twain.
As time goes on, I deeper wade
Into love's growing main.
And this sad life must linger on,
With heart that's frozen cold,
The boon of life has from me gone,
The cause I'll leave untold.

VON KENELL*

I had a friend, he is no more,
Von Kenell was his name;
He dearly loved his paramour,
'Tis her the world must blame.
He sought the hand he loved so well,
Though wooing was in vain,
What poet's lines can ever tell
His sorrow and his pain.

This friend of mine of tender thought,
With mental passions sweet,
He strove for love, but only wrought
A broken heart's defeat.

*Von Kenell was a very dear friend of mine, who shot himself for a young lady, who pretended to love him, but deceived him at last.

Copious was her love at first,
Though fickle as could be;
Now he is where men never thirst,
The profligate is she.

This friend of mine almost sublime,
Since love she would not give,
He sought another sphere or clime
On earth he could not live.

I know in Heaven Von Kenell—friend,
There is a lover's goal
Where souls like hers can never tend,
Though here we'll find your soul.

ALL IS DIVINE

Solace oft from sadness born
Weeds will grow amid the corn,
A standard must exist for worth
The scale of sadness weighs our mirth.
Bliss is coming, why forlorn,
If no night there'd be no morn.

Who would care to live on earth
If no death to follow birth,
Just worship selves and when we trod
No thought of brighter worlds or God,
Just thought and deed of me and mine,
Nor bliss what is of thee and thine,

The sunny day the stars that shine,
The showers that fall that we may dine
And live from heaven as well as home,
Nor should we think of self alone.

THREE SCORE YEARS OF BLISS

When three score years of placid life
Are imputed to a pair,
They now are more than man and wife,
They now resemblance bear.

The pain, the sorrow, and the strife,
In sixty years of care,
Has caused these boons of married life
To burdens equally bear.

The inflicted wound so painful sore,
Each other's moans they hear,
The one unhurt has always bore
The suffering most severe.

MUSIC

Music soothes the ruffled passion,
Music rests the wearied mind,
It is all that's not a fashion
To its strains the eyes are blind.

The optics judge the earthly beauty,
Form and color movements—all,

Tones are not within their beauty,
They upon the ears must fall.

Music strains ascend to heaven,
To join all that's spiritual,
The flowers incense here are given,
Room among the volatile.

Sweet aroma tone and spirit,
Earth so coarse is not their sphere,
It is loaned to inhale, to hear it,
Its home is far away, yet near.

Music has a subtle power
Over good, bad, large and small;
They that music can't devour,
Are not spiritual at all.

MY WORLD

A simple urn
Contains my world,
Though back to ashes turn.
Within its cavity
Is sealed my zealous heart,
Thank God, with this it is not all depravity.
In the future may we meet,
The past can never change,
Our love was incomplete.
Heaven may the rest arrange.

Why were we torn apart.
The Omniscient God has given
True love, on earth a start,
To always be in heaven.

NEVER LATE

In the days of our contending,
The reflection of the past,
Of a soul we were commending,
Of a soul that was to last.

Moments spent in thus revealing,
Truth and law of thee for thine,
Like the blind your way are feeling,
To a heaven both yours and mine.

Keep on teaching, keep on preaching,
Sinners, it is never late,
Confess and heaven's in your reaching,
Peter's always at the gate.

YOU KNOW THE REST

Hark, hark, I hear the whole world's voice,
From it I hear not pity, but a curse.
If it were war, flood, fire, there is no choice,
But no, it's neither, it's far worse.

'Tis of a girl with beauty rare and sweet,
Her heritage—she was by beauty blest,

Which aided partly to her doom to meet,
You know the rest.

It was a man, vile man—why speak,
O, morbid hungry minds, why feed, why feast,
Upon this soul? Oh! pity her, the weak,
To do the least.

She loved—this unsophisticated one,
She staked her life, there is no better test,
Upon a man, a man what might have done,
You know the rest.

A WALTZ SONG

Waltz in the day time, waltz in the night,
Keep step with the times with a jest of delight,
Waltz off your care while dancing through life,
Waltz with each other, husband and wife,
Make merry while dancing on this earthly ball,
Keep time with God's music, keep step with it all,
Let dance be the heaven and earth be the hall
So join in the mirth with foot and with tongue,
Each day makes us older, so live while you're young.

Chorus

In gaily dancing forget every care,
With maidens entrancing, their faces so fair,
With forms that are graceful, vivacious and true,
The world will seem brighter to me and to you.

Come from thy sorrow, sit not in a stare,
Alternate waltzing, it lightens our care,
And makes all sorrow more easy to bear.
Join in the chorus, sing while you dance,
Awake from thy slumbers, come forth from thy trance,
Each proffer your aid, give while you give,
To happier moments and live while you live.
Don't wait till your old for age to enthrall,
Be joyful at youth, if you're going to at all.

DEATH OF A CHILD

A light went out,
'Twas freshly lit,
A history short,
So quickly writ.

Why born—what for,
A child so fair,
Loved here—and more,
Was wanted there.

Perhaps there is
In Heaven no birth,
So are by death,
Transferred from earth.

Conceived on earth,
God won't endure,

Conception there,
Heaven is too pure.

If not for deaths,
Of children fair,
How could there be,
A Heaven there.

'Tis hard, yes hard,
To lay to rest,
A child so loved,
Yet God knows best.

I WONDER

If love were taken out of life,
And hearts were crushed asunder,
Would living here be worth the strife,
I wonder, O! I wonder.

If care and trouble were not known,
No blizzards, storm or thunder,
Would man both cease to pout and moan,
I wonder, O! I wonder.

If all were perfect on this sphere,
And never made a blunder,
Then would angels hover near,
I wonder, O! I wonder.

If dollars were as free as air,
And jewels classed as plunder,
Would trusts be then an earthly care,
I wonder, O! I wonder.



PLAYS

TREVA

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Treva	Daughter of Leon de Veau
Alexander von Kent	Rural Neighbor, son of Jacob von Kent, the neighbor of Hon. Leon de Veau
Jerome Lathrope	
.	An acquaintance of Alexander von Kent from London
Bacell	Butler of the De Veau family
Amous Levingsworth	
.	Of Bristol, England, and a friend of Jerome
Reverend McLaren	
.	The vicar is Amous Levingsworth. He disguises himself as a minister of the Gospel of Scotland.
Caroline de Veau	Mother of Treva
Florence Aspenwall	Treva's London lady friend
Reverend Kempp	Of London
Henry de Veau	Brother of Treva
Aaron Thompson	London Neighbor of Treva
Eva	Sister of Aaron Thompson

ACT I

Garden of her father, Hon. Leon de Veau.

TREVI and ALEX VON KENT enter together. Alex,
how glad I am you called this afternoon, I do get
so lonely these days, father is away so much, and

living out here in this rural district is so different than the city where so many call. And you know, Alex, you are so entertaining. Oh, Lady Treva, you flatter me. I would call oftener, it is not that I do not care to come, but of late Jerome Lathrope has been making such frequent visits here, and I can see from yonder window that he becomes so enthused while conversing with you. Ha Ha, Alex, he is of a very nervous temperament, which causes him to put his whole soul into his conversation, yet he is wholly unconscious of it. Well, Alex, to change the subject, will you not have some cool drink. Here comes Bacell now.

Enter BACELL.

LADY TREVA to BACELL. Bring us some of the same. You know by this time Alex's choice. BACELL. Yes, Lady.

Enter JEROME. Good afternoon, Lady Treva. Von Kent, I believe.

LADY TREVA. Yes, Von Kent is right. Jerome, sit down and have a cooling draught with us. (Jerome sits by them.)

BACELL enters with tray.

Enter LEVINGSWORTH, unknown to the rest of the party. (Jerome arises and introduces his friend to the party.)

JEROME. I take great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. Levingsworth, my friend from Bristol.

TREVA. Delighted to meet you.

ALEX. Pleased, I assure you. (They all sit at this garden bench.) Enter BACELL. Bacell, I see, your party has somewhat increased. Will you not wait?

LADY TREVA (interrupting.) Yes, Bacell, you may bring some more of the same. (Then to Mr. Levingsworth.) Where do you reside, Mr. Levingsworth?

LEVINGSWORTH. At Bristol, Lady Treva.

LADY TREVA. The reason I ask so abruptly, Mr. Levingsworth— Enter BACELL. Oh, here is Bacell. (He spreads the glasses before them.)

LEVINGSWORTH. What was the remainder of the sentence you were relating as the butler appeared. (As they were about to offer a party toast.)

LADY TREVA. Oh, yes, Mr. Levingsworth. The name Levingsworth always reminds me of a Mr. P. A. Levingsworth who, a few years ago, though not from your city, this gentleman lived in Clifton. (Levingsworth looks worried, the glass shakes in his hand, and he becomes very nervous.)

ALEX. Lady Treva, you do not mean the Levingsworth who tried to blackmail your father.

LEVINGSWORTH. Great God! (The glass drops

from his hand and they all rise from the table in astonishment.)

Curtain.

ACT II

Mr. Levingsworth's bachelor apartments on St. Jacobs Wells Road, Bristol.*

Enter LEVINGSWORTH and JEROME LATHROPE. LATHROPE. Well, friend Levingsworth, have you got over your nervous shock of yesterday P. M. yet?

LEVINGSWORTH. No indeed, Jerome. It was all too plain to me, the picture was all too plain to me. Oh, the peregrinations of a young man. Oh, if I had not committed myself, I love her, Jerome, I love her. I have not seen her since she was a child until yesterday, and even then I did not know who she was until those fatal words from those innocent

*The City of Clifton and Bristol join one another. This P. Amous Levingsworth was the identical Levingsworth who tried to ruin Mr. Leon de Veau, Lady Treva's father a few years ago. He was living at Clifton at that time, but since then had dropped the P. from his name and was living in Bristol. Yet, when he entered the garden unexpectedly that evening, he did not know that Mr. De Veau was living there or that Lady Treva had grown to such an age. He knew Mr. De Veau had a daughter, but she had grown out of his recollections. However, when Alex spoke those few words he was sure who she was.—H. L. C.

lips were spoken, then I knew all. Yes, all. It was all too plain then.

JEROME. Love her, love her, how can you love a woman and only know her a few moments?

LEVINGSWORTH. Love, my dear friend, in this case in an intuition with me. I have always loved her, I love her and always will love her when I glance into those love scintillating eyes. Yesterday they transformed me at once. They made me angry for her bright charms. Yes, angry; I will have her yet. I will, I love her, her beauty will make me a lamb or a lion, her love for me in return will make me a villain or a saint. Oh, that I had not made those self-exposing demonstrations yesterday. She would never know and her father would never know, as I have so changed since then, and when I was in India they got the report that I died of fever. But this may defeat me now. But if it does I will rule or ruin.

JEROME. Oh, no, no, no, you would not harm a sweet innocent girl like Lady Treva, would you? Calm yourself, you are excited, it is just an imagination with you. You do not love her as much as you say, you do if you would honor her. Though if you do or do not, Amous, you have befriended me in ways I never can repay you, so here's my hand, brother; I will resort to most anything to help you

in any way I can, but they say that Alex Von Kent and Lady Treva are engaged to be married, so if that is true, Amous, you are a little late; however, I and Alexander are on good terms and I asked him by long distance telephone this morning if it were true that they were.

LEVINGSWORTH. And what answer.

JEROME. Well, Amous, I am sorry to say, that my own heart bleeds as well as yours. I love her, too, and have for a long time; she is engaged to Alexander, and they are to be married soon, but it has enraged me as well as you. He scoffs at me and makes his brag that he has beat me, but I will down him yet. I will not let him know my vengeance for him, but will ruin his happiness and hers too.

LEVINGSWORTH. Yes, and I will help you. We will drink on this. (They get the decanter and drink.) Here's to the fall of Alexander the Great.

JEROME. Yes, but by what means without incriminating ourselves.

LEVINGSWORTH. I have it. You stay on the good side of Alexander, as you have said sugar will catch more flies than vinegar, and we will arrange a false marriage for them.

JEROME. But the Church of England.

LEVINGSWORTH. They are not Church of England

people. Lady Treva's father is an agnostic, he does not care for custom or creed.

JEROME. True it is. I had not thought of that, but it is true. But the license.

LEVINGSWORTH. Let them get the license, and you, Jerome, tell Alex that he must allow you to get the clergyman, a friend of yours from Edinburg, to marry him, and you can get some one to don the ecclesiastical garb and pronounce them man and wife. Then in a few days let him know by anonymous letter that the vicar was an impostor and fraud, and not an ordained preceptor of the word of God. I guess that will pour vengeance upon them. (As they hear the church organ and choir next door at prayer meeting, they sink in their chair in deep meditation, a contrite look of penitence on their faces as the curtain is going down.)

Curtain.

ACT III

The rural home of the Leon de Veau family.

Enter FATHER DE VEAU. (Sitting at his center table alone, waiting for the few moments to pass that he will be obliged to witness the nuptial loss of his daughter Treva, he soliloquizes.) Few, but few moments more, will Treva be mine. Yet why should

I lament, Alex is a good man. Though not of earthly position, he is endowed with erudition, which is better.

Enter CAROLINE. Dear husband, why so pensive, why care you to meditate so assiduously and long. Dear, you are not sorry our Treva is going to be married to Alexander this evening, are you, husband?

LEON DE VEAU. Oh, no, I am not sorry, but it is such a sudden change in our household, and I feel that Treva will not be altogether happy.

CAROLINE. O you must not think that way; look for the best, seek and you shall find. Now brace up, husband.

Enter TREVA.

CAROLINE. Here is Treva in her wedding trousseau. You have never looked as sweetly in your life, Treva. (They both embrace her.)

Enter ALEXANDER. Good day, Madam. Good day, Senor. Good day, Senorita.

FATHER. I am so glad we are going to have a quiet home wedding.

MOTHER. Just our own, except Jerome and the Scotch Congregational minister.

TREVA. Father looks at his watch. 'Tis just 6:45, 15 minutes. I wonder—O here is Jerome and the vicar now coming right in.

JEROME. (At one side in a whisper.) How

stunning, are you sure you are not making a mistake, Treva. I know you will regret your indifference toward me some day.

TREVA. Jerome, this is no time or place to discuss such things, and I think a little late in the day. I love Alex and Alex alone, and God help me to always love him.

McLAREN, (the vicar.) Weddings always make me nervous, they are quite like funerals. (McLaren is Levingsworth disguised with the vicar's dress. He is very nervous and so afraid they will detect him.) Is not the time arrived. (He tries to change his voice and make it ridiculously loud and unbecoming a minister. At this moment Alexander and Treva stand up together, father and mother near, Jerome standing near Alexander. Florence Aspenwall of London rings the door bell. Bacell answers the call.)

TREVA. I have never told her of this, what will I do.

MOTHER. Why, Treva, just invite her in, you will have to make a clean breast of it. Now lead her in, Bacell.

Enter FLORENCE. What does this all mean?

TREVA. *What—I am to be married.*

FLORENCE. Why in the world . . .

TREVA. I wanted to surprise you; we are having

a quiet wedding, but as you are here, you might stay. How did you happen to come?

FLORENCE. O, I have had such horrid dreams of you of late, I have been forced to come. But I can see all now. They say dreams always come out just the opposite. O, I am so lucky anyhow to have come just as I have.

TREVA. As long as you are here, you may act as bridesmaid.

McLAREN. Well, we are losing time. (As Florence looks at him with a piercing glance she questions herself, where she has seen the man before. I do not like his looks, he does not act right, she thought. They stand and are married, and leave for London at once.

Curtain.

ACT IV

Treva's father's city home on Victoria St., London. (Father and mother are sitting at the table waiting for the London News, as Alexander rings. Alex and Treva enter and embrace each other. Bacell congratulates them in his way. Florence enters, embraces them. Florence has stayed at their home at the request of Mrs. De Veau. Jerome rings. Is met by Bacell, and congratulates them. Bell rings. Aaron

Thompson and Sister Eva, Treva's London neighbors, enter. As congratulations are proffered, they sit down to a repast with Alexander as host and Treva as hostess. They drink to their future happiness. Jerome proposes a short game of whist. They, eight in number, proceed to dance after this. Bell rings.)

Enter BACELL. Master De Veau, a telegram for you.

DE VEAU. Bring it hither. (Father faints. Falls over. They rush to him. Treva reads aloud)

Mr. Leon de Veau, or to whom it may concern.

Your daughter Treva was falsely married to Alexander von Kent. McLaren was an impostor.

ALEXANDER. What can this mean? Is it true? Jerome, answer this, I demand of you. Have you and Levingsworth contrived to ruin me? (Jerome hangs his head with no answer.)

TREVA. What can it all mean?

FLORENCE. I did not like the looks of that Reverend McLaren. I have seen him before. I think he is an impostor. I thought something wrong the evening of the wedding.

TREVA. If Jerome is guilty, Alexander, you are guilty. You certainly would have known of it, a man of the world as you are.

JEROME. Yes, he did know it, and I knew it. He got me to do it. He wanted you, but did not want

to even be tied to you. I am sorry I did it, and especially for this scoundrel, as I love you so well.

TREVA. You, you infamous wretch, you have ruined me, you have crushed my heart, my parents' hearts, my happiness, my reputation! Go, you scoundrel, go! (Alexander at this moment knocks Jerome down. Father orders them out of the house.)

ALEXANDER. I will prove my innocence. (Bacell drags Jerome out.)

ALEXANDER. O, believe me, Treva, do not treat me thus, let me stay.

TREVA. No, go! (As she points to the door.) Go! go! go! Never darken my door again. (He goes. Treva falls to the floor.)

Curtain falls.

ACT V

Interior of Mr. Leon de Veau's home on Victoria St., London.

(Three years have elapsed since the fatal wedding. Alexander von Kent becomes despondent and melancholy, and accepts a position in Lucknow, India, under the British Consulate. Nevertheless, Treva's scorn does not alter his love for her, as he knows as no other does, that he is innocent, but his being from her so long, and the scenery of India, with his mel-

ancholy temperament, inspires him to write the most beautiful lyric poetry. So beautiful indeed, that he not only is lionized in India, but by the English speaking people in general, and through the publication of this poetry, by the help of the Viceroy and Vicerine of India, he has attained both wealth and honor. Treva reads his poems in the papers and periodicals. Her father is facing financial embarrassment, which has got to be overcome soon or he will lose all. Jerome is paying attention to Treva. Treva is reluctant to have him call, but he is rich and offers to help her father out of his financial difficulties, if she will accept his proposal. Her father is anxious she should on this account.)

Enter TREVA. Oh, if I had not been so rash with Alex, why did I treat him so. I feel he is innocent. A man who can write such pathetic lines, lines that the whole world reads with such assiduity, can not be what I have accused him of being, but it is too late now. All is lost.

Enter FATHER. Treva dear, I know you do not love Jerome as you should, but you will have to marry him, as he told me at the club last evening that for your hand he would help me out of my troubles, and it thus lies in your power. Treva, I will fail and be imprisoned for my speculations if you do not. Will you, will you for me and mother, Treva?

TREVA. (In pensive mood for a moment.) Yes, father, for you, for you and mother, but I dislike him so, but to save you and mother I must, I will, father.

FATHER. God bless you. All will come out well in the end I know, my angel. (Bell rings.)

Enter BACELL. Mr. Jerome.

TREVA. Bid him enter.

Enter JEROME. Good evening, Treva.

TREVA. Good evening.

JEROME. Good evening, Mr. De Veau.

DE VEAU. Good evening, Jerome. I will leave you to yourselves now, good night.

JEROME. Treva, I have something of the utmost importance to us both. Treva, I love you, I love you madly, I cannot live without you, you must answer my request and answer it in the affirmative. Treva, you must be my wife, will you, will you? (Treva is silent for a moment.) Answer me, Treva. You know how your father is fixed. I have agreed to help him out of his troubles. He has used the bank's money and has lost, and if he is not helped soon in replacing the amount he will be imprisoned. Answer me, there is but one way, answer that yes or no.

TREVA. Yes. (In a low whisper.)

JEROME. God bless you, I will make you happy, Treva. I know I can.

TREVA. Only death can make me happy now. I have given my answer which I will abide by, but will ask one favor of you, that is, leave me to myself now. I am not feeling well this evening, and wish to be alone.

JEROME. I will do it to please you, as you have me, so kiss me good night. Good night.

TREVA. (Alone to herself as she walks the floor.) My God, must I marry this infamous wretch that I feel in my heart has caused my broken heart. How can any good come from him. Well, I suppose I must marry him for father's sake. Oh, if I could see Alex just one moment. The only balm for my burning breast is his sweet caresses. God bring him to me. (Treva picks up the evening paper and sees a short poem, "Love's Intrigue," by Alexander von Kent, of Lucknow, India. She glances over it. The last verse she reads aloud as follows:

An English maiden far away,
Once loved me dear,
Intrigue of others did allay,
Her love I fear
Tho "What ever is, is right," Pope
From here so far inspired my pen,
To write for honor, wealth and hope
And win my Treva back again. (Bell rings).

Enter FLORENCE. Why, Treva, how unhappy you look, what is the matter, dear?

TREVA. Florence, I am so glad you called. It is late, I know, but God must have sent you here. Florence, I have got to marry that wretch Jerome, you know why. I told you about papa's troubles, and he is going to help papa or I would not look at him.

FLORENCE. Treva, do you not wish you had held your temper now, and not been quite so abrupt with Alex. Just think what he has got to be.

TREVA. Alex, dear boy, how I have used him, yet I love him, I can never love another.

FLORENCE. Yes, and he loves you, Treva. Here is a letter I got this A. M. from Lucknow, India, from Alex. Read it.

TREVA. (Reading.)

Lucknow, India.

FLORENCE: I have heard that Treva's father is in straightened circumstances. I am rich now, and will soon come home. I will not see any of the family suffer. Though Treva has treated me so badly do not tell him. I will surprise them all when I do come. Your far-away friend,

ALEXANDER VON KENT.

My dear boy, how I wish you were here tonight (as she kisses the letter and crushes it in her hands), but he is in India, and I am here, I do not know what to do. Father must be helped by the eighteenth. To-day is the sixteenth. I must marry him. O God, have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me. O, but Florence, I have good news for you, dear. Dear

Brother Henry has come home. You know he has been gone over a year, and he said he loved you for all that had happened. Why did you act so abrupt with him? Florence, he loves you and said he could not live without you.

FLORENCE. When did he come? God bless his dear heart, I have suffered everything since I told him to leave me that evening, but I did not mean it the next moment, though could not retrieve what I did. Has he forgiven me?

TREVA. Yes, Florence. Florence, he is in the library. He does not know you are here. Shall I ring for him?

FLORENCE. Yes, yes, but O, I can hardly face him. O what will I do, what can I say? (Treva rings.)

Enter BACELL.

TREVA. Tell Henry to come in, Florence Aspen-wall wishes to see him.

Enter HENRY. (As he opens the door he stands for a moment. Florence hears him open the door. She turns and puts her arms around Treva's neck and sobs and is reluctant about turning, but Henry advances toward her slowly and speaks in a low tone.) Florence, Florence, have you forgiven me, have you forgiven me? (When she turns and looks into his eyes, they embrace each other with emotion.)

FLORENCE. It is all my fault, Henry. I will know how dear you are now. God bless you.

Curtain.

ACT VI

Interior of the Church of England. (Friends are waiting. The organ plays the wedding march. Father and mother sit at the altar. The vicar is ready as the organ begins to play. Treva and Jerome march in toward the altar. As Treva walks along she repeats to herself: "If Alex were only here!" At this moment Alex enters pale with anguish as he steps to the front, his hat drawn down over his eyes.)

ALEX. (Cries out.) My God, Treva, are you to marry that villain! (As Alex turns toward the altar, they are being married. Treva sees him. She is excited, and does not answer the priest's questions. Alex looks anxious and beckons for her to come.)

VICAR. Treva, will you love, honor, and obey Jerome? (She does not answer, or so low it is not audible.)

VICAR. Do you take Jerome for your true and lawful husband?

TREVA. No! No! (She slips the ring from her

finger, throws it to the floor, and rushing towards Alex they embrace each other.)

ALEX. (Exclaims.) Just in time! I will take you, love you, save you and father. God how good you are!

Curtain.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SCREEN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Minor Gordon Husband
Mrs. Stella Gordon His Wife
Mr. Marion McFall

A single man, at one time a lover of Mrs. Stella Gordon
Miss Stella Ransom Cousin of Mrs. Gordon, an Old Maid

The scene is a drawing room in a cozy little suite of rooms in a flat, the home of Minor Gordon and wife, Stella, also his cousin Stella, who has made her home with them.

Enter MINOR GORDON. (As he takes a seat by a little center table he mutters to himself as his wife enters.) I and Stella have been married five years today, and God knows what a pleasant five years it has been, never a word between us, no secrets, nothing but love.

Enter STELLA GORDON. Good evening, Minor dear (as she places her arms about his neck). You are not reading the evening paper as usual. Here it is right before you, but you have not looked at it. You have such a pensive look on your face. What were you thinking, dear, as I entered?

MINOR (smiles and places his arm around Stella's neck.) I was thinking of you, dearest, thinking of today being the fifth anniversary of our marriage, and what a pleasant five years it has been.

STELLA. Yes, dearest, that is true, today is the seventeenth of June. I had never thought until you had spoken of it. O how time does fly when you are in love.

MINOR. Yes, indeed it does. I hope we may always be as happy as now. Dear, I am sorry now that I thought of this evening being our fifth anniversary that I am going out; but I must go to the Club tonight. I promised Marion McFall I would go tonight and also others, so I will have to go.

STELLA. Well, I will let you off tonight, dear, but you must stay at home the rest of the week every evening.

MINOR. Yes, Stella dear, I will (as he takes his hat, kisses her, and goes to the club.)

Enter STELLA RANSOM. Has Minor gone?

STELLA GORDON. Yes, he has gone to the Club.

STELLA RANSOM. O, he is always going to the Club, the Club, the Club. Dear, these men, these men, how they do contrive to get away from their wives. O, if I had a husband, I bet he would stay home with me. Then, too, he would not care to go from me, for I have such magnetic influence over

men. Of course you know I could have married long since, but it was my fault I have not met my ideal of a man yet, unless it is Mr. McFall. He comes the nearest being my choice of all the men I have met. (She says this in an old maidish way with an arrogant, independent, self-confident manner.)

STELLA GORDON. Yes, cousin, did you not know that prior to my marriage to Minor, I thought of Marion as you do. I idolized, I loved him. He was my first, my best, my only love. I married for spite. We had a quarrel and fell out with each other as lovers often do. Then Minor came along and I married him. O, why did I do it, why did I do it, my own judgment at the time told me I was doing something I would regret. (As she passes up and down with her head drooping, Stella Ransom says nothing as yet, but has a disgusted look on her face as she stares at Mrs. Gordon.) But it is too late now, too late. I married Minor and I must live with him, perform my domestic duties, and go on as I have in the past, pretending to care for him, yet I do care for him. I respect him, and would do anything for him, for he is deserving of it all. He is an upright, honest, devoted man, but after all I cannot say, I love, for I do not.

STELLA RANSOM (in a sarcastic manner). Well, well, I am surprised at you. I never would have

thought this of you. You must be losing your mind. It is disgusting, simply disgusting, to hear this confession you have just uttered. Well, well, I gave you credit for having more sense than that. Well, well, I am astonished. Why did you not tell me before?

STELLA GORDON. I have never felt in the mood as I do just now. Well, feeling as I do has never caused any domestic infelicity. I have borne up and have appeared the best I could to be happy and to love him at all times, so I am deserving of some commendation at least, do you not think so?

STELLA RANSOM. No, no, I do not. I think you should be ashamed of yourself. I have no sympathy or pity for you. Now you must learn to love Minor and forget Marion, for I am sure he cares for me—he has been here to see me but few times, but I can see a thing or two. Well, I promised to go to the Thimble Bee tonight, and I must be going, so good-night and think over what you have said to me. Good night (as she steps out).

STELLA GORDON (sits alone and mutters to herself). Yes, she thinks Marion cares for her. If she only knew what I do (as she laughs aloud), that all he comes to see her for is to be near me. (The door bell rings.)

Enter MARION MCFALL. Good evening, my dear-

est Stella, good evening. Are you alone and have you got to sit out this long evening by yourself. O, if I could only be here with you. (He sits on the arm of her chair and places his arm about her neck.) How different things might have been, Stella, had you not married. O! cruel fate. I can never marry now, of you I dream and write and think all the time. By the way, Stella, I have written a short poem today, and it was my love for you that inspired me to write (as he bends over to kiss her).

STELLA. No, no, that will not do, Marion, I must not let you kiss me. You must remember, I am a married woman. We have gone far enough as it is, but do let me see your poem. I wish to know the theme. Have you it here with you?

MARION. Yes, here it is in my pocket, but I cannot let you see it as yet, for I have not corrected it, and I also wish to copy it on my typewriter. I will show it to you when I come again.

STELLA. Very well, do not forget now.

MARION. Well, I must be going, I am late now. I promised to meet your husband at the Club tonight. Just think of it, my being as false as that to sit and talk, play billiards, smoke and be sociable with the man I care so little for, one whom I am jealous of, one who I feel is in my place, but you know I must be friendly to be able to come to the house so I can at

least see you. So good-night, dear (as they clasp hands and part).

Enter STELLA RANSOM. After I left you I felt I had not been perhaps the pleasantest to you, so could not enjoy myself at the Thimble Bee until I came home and made restitution for what I said, and Mrs. Lovelace wants you to come back with me to the Bee. I told her you were alone this evening, and were unusually lonely anyway. Now do come, will you, you will enjoy it so much. You know they are such pleasant gatherings. We discuss such interesting topics, now do come.

STELLA GORDON. No, no, it is out of the question. I do not care to go to hear a lot of old maids gossip about the doings of their neighbors. It would be very tiresome to me.

STELLA RANSOM. Old maids, old maids, umph, who do you call old maids? Not myself, I hope. If some twenty-four years, I feel as frisky and young as a lamb. Well, stay at home if you want to and think of your lost one Marion. I am sure he does not think of you (as she goes out again).

STELLA GORDON. How different we are, what a difference in people. (The door bell rings.)

Enter MARION McFALL. Why, what brings you here at this hour. Why, Marion, what makes you

look so worried, and I smell liquor on your breath. What is the matter, what is it?

MARION. My God, Stella, at the Club tonight as I and Minor were playing billiards, we both took our coats off and laid them on a large chair near by. The chair was knocked over by some one and several old letters fell out of my pocket, among them was the poems I wrote which I was telling you about. The porter picked them up, placed them in his pocket by mistake. I never missed them until after Minor had gone. I have looked for him to demand them, but cannot find him anywhere. What can I do, what shall I do? At the bottom of the poem I wrote explaining the lines of the second verse, and telling how much I loved Stella and how you had reciprocated my love as much as you could under the circumstances. What shall I do, what can I do to get the poem. (They hear someone on the steps.)

STELLA. That is Minor, now hurry, do go—no, 'tis too late. What will he think if he catches you here at this time with me alone. Hurry, hurry, get behind the screen. (She hurries and places the screen about him in one corner of the room.)

Enter MINOR GORDON. (As he enters he does not give her the usual good evening and kiss her. He looks very stern, walks up and down the room, throws his hat clear over in the corner behind the screen

where Marion is, not knowing, of course, that Marion is there.) What makes you look so nervous this evening, guilty conscience, I suppose. Stella, how you have been deceiving me for the last five years, you wretch, pretending to love me and love another. O woman, you will be the profligate, not me.

STELLA. (Interrupting him.) Why what——

MINOR. (As he stamps his foot on the floor.) Not a word out of you. Wait, woman, wait, I have the floor now.

STELLA. Why Minor, what——

MINOR. Stop, stop, not a word from those false lips of yours. I have found a poem written by your admirer or lover, our *friend*, our intimate friend, Marion McFall. Here it is, read it (as he hands it over to her.) There he puts his love in verse and his explanatory notes below, so you can thoroughly understand every meaning. Now, Stella, we have been married five years tonight. Little did I think in the early part of the evening that our fifth anniversary would be celebrated in this manner. You have deceived me. You shall not again. Get on your things, you shall not stay under my roof another night. Leave me, leave me.

Enter STELLA RANSOM. (She takes in the situation at a glance, but stands there dumbfounded, not saying a word. Marion McFall comes from behind

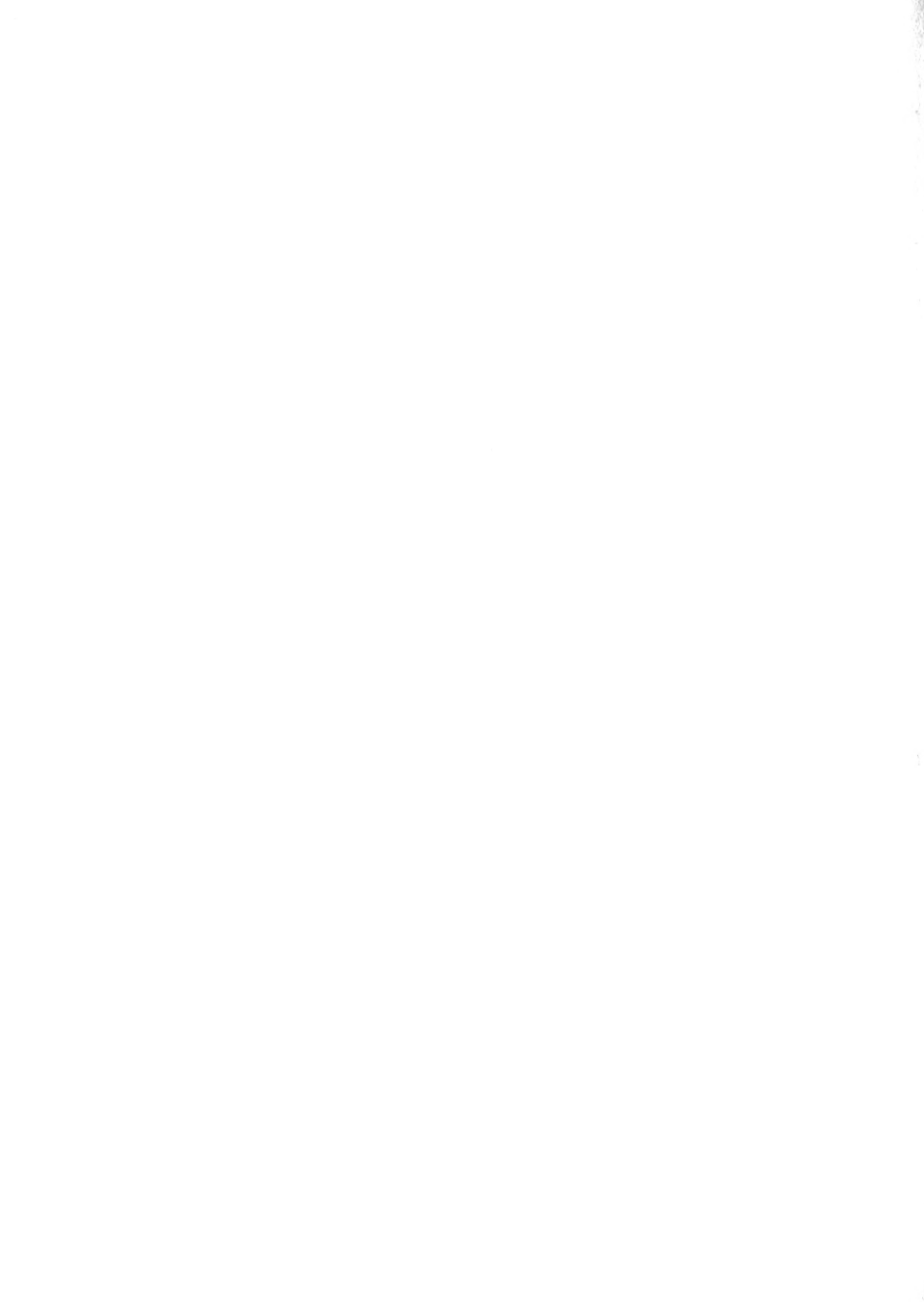
the screen just as Minor is saying "Leave me" the last time. Minor Gordon falls back in a much surprised gesture.)

MINOR. And what does this mean, and here he is in my house. My God, my God.

MARION. (In a heavy tone.) No, no, she shall not leave this house. She shall not leave for one moment. You are beside yourself over that poem that was accidentally placed in your pocket. Calm yourself, calm yourself, let me have the poem. See here, did I say anything in the poem that should cause this emotion in you. I called here at this hour to get the poem, as when I missed it I was afraid you would form a wrong idea. But the poem has nothing to do with your wife Stella at all. It is this Stella, Stella Ransom (as he starts for her and takes her hand) at this moment.

MINOR. (As he looks down to the floor as though ashamed of what he has done, he says to his wife, as he hugs her up close to him). Will you forgive me?

Curtain.





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